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**GLORIES
OF
OLD
NASSAU**

THE GLORIES OF OLD NASSAU:



A History of the
College of New Jersey

Done into Easy Verse

— BY —

EDWARD N. ^{elton}TEALL, '02
" "

To Alma Mater, to all Her Sons,
and especially to the
Class of 1902

This Little Book is
Affectionately Dedicated

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GLORIES OF NASSAU.

PART I.

FROM THE FOUNDING OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY
TO THE DEATH OF THE FIRST LION OF OLD
NORTH, JOHN WITHERSPOON:
1746-1794.

I

Attend, ye loyal sons of NASSAU HALL,
Where'er ye beautify this earthly ball;
Ye who are anchored fast to hearth and home,
And ye who o'er the lands and oceans roam,
With those, most blessed of mortal men, who dwell
Within the ringing range of OLD NORTH BELL—
Come, brothers! Let us nigh together draw,
To celebrate the glories of NASSAU!

'Tis sweet, when wearied of life's crowding cares,
Of sowing grain and reaping crops (of tares),
To step aside a while and rest—'tis sweet
To go where no weed mixes with the wheat;
And so it is that oftentimes we yearn
Our pilgrim steps to OLD NASSAU to turn,
To sojourn on her high Olympic mount,
To quaff again of her Pierian fount,
To worship briefly at her sacred shrine,
Renew the precious memories that twine
Our hearts with hers as doth the OLD NORTH vine
With gentle clinging tendrils clasp her walls;
And firmer with each added year that falls,
A time-drop in the swelling sea of time
(As greener grow the ivies, higher climb,
More lovingly enfold the ancient hall)
Those ties shall bind us, each recurrent call
Find us more willing subjects to her thrall.

Can you not hear those dormitories ring
With joyous hubbub as we laugh and sing—
Lighthearted youngsters that we used to know,
Our very selves as in the long ago—
The while our staid brethren sat and polled,
Delving dry dust while *we* panned out the gold?
Shall we not once again the Campus rule

As in those days when, lately out of school,
 We strutted like the gobbler near his hen,
 And much admired ourselves as COLLEGE MEN?
 And shall we not with shock of mimic war
 Rage round the placid CANNON as of yore—
 Or, bosoms swelling 'neath the Sophomore stripe,
 Breathe incense from the unaccustomed pipe—
 Or, basking on the greensward 'neath the elm
 As stately Juniors long to take the helm—
 Or, reverend Seniors, in th' omniscient year,
 Our valuable counsel volunteer—
 Or once again in gossipy communion,
 Foregather round the lamp post of Reunion,
 Or, four years passed since we were infant preps,
 Assemble joyously to hold the STEPS?

Then, with a sigh for those old merry times,
 On to the theme that animates our rhymes!
 "New days, new ways"—and though *we're* out of date,
 And get the merry "Ha-ha" when we prate
 Of by-gone things, our sons are on the Campus,
 And on the job! Why, it would stump Melampus,
 That ancient famed progenitor of seers,
 To read old PRINCETON's future for five years,
 They go so fast down there! Yet through it all,
 Though earth may quake and though the heavens fall,
 One thing there is unchanging for all time,
 Eternal youth enwreathes its head sublime:
 The PRINCETON SPIRIT, known in every clime!

II.

Tell, silent Muse of History, the name
 Of him, most worthy, but unknown to fame,
 In whose great mind that concept had its birth
 That gave our PRINCETON Academe to earth!
 Say who it was that, cogitating deep,
 In studious hours—in vision born of sleep,
 Or in some heaven nurtured inspiration
 First kenned the need of this puissant nation,
 That had its Yale, its Harvard even then
 But ne'er a COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY. When,
 Long-brooding Clio, shall thy lips unsealed
 The name of this high benefactor yield,
 And bid the sacred secret be revealed?

Vain to invoke the coy, reluctant Muse!

Oft as we pray, doth she the boon refuse.
So let us carve in proud memorial stone
A word of honor to our Great Unknown,
And make him equal with Balboa when,
"Silent upon a peak in Darien,"
The western ocean swam into his ken—
With Galileo, student of the stars,
Invincible behind his prison bars—
With Newton when he saw the apple fall—
With them who harnessed Steam and Lightning; all
The glorious philanthropic brotherhood
Whose thoughts, whose dreams have shaped the common good!

Now, from the bole of legend and of myth,
Peel off the bark and excavate the pith:
Exploring well the records, you will find
That Learning round the Pulpit was entwined.
In these days, pulpit ridden as they be,
It certainly is difficult to see
Just why there should be such a keen demand
For Dominies to overrun the land—
But then, we don't appreciate good things
(N'est ce pas?) until they take unto them wings;
And, just by way of corollary, we
Think what we haven't got just right must be.
So, lacking native talent to exhort 'em
(They might have chosen amateurs *ad sortem!*),
To get good preachers they would e'en import 'em.
Then down in Pennsylvania William Tennent
Flung to the airs his Presbyterian pennant,
And while it fluttered proudly in the breeze,
He manufactured batches of D. D.'s—
One of our earliest infant industries—
And didn't seem a tinker's dam to care if
He didn't get a high protective tariff.
Now, Rollo, 'tis this shop of priestly knowledge
We honor even yet as our LOG COLLEGE.

Not much of fact shines through the veiling haze
That wraps about the old LOG COLLEGE days,
When by the Forks of classic Neshaminy
Stout-hearted Tennent led his lads through Pliny,
(How "Dutch" we're "in," by good St. Tammany,
If that should be pronounced Ne-sham-iny!)
With frequent draughts of heady Scotch (theology)—
Hard noddled days!—and chasers of doxology;

But sure in passing 'twere not out of place
 To raise a cheer to that forerunning race
 Who, had there been a PRINCETON COLLEGE then,
 Would first have borne the name of PRINCETON MEN!
 In Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-nine
 (These dates are the dickens to get in line!)
 They tried to start, some ancient dominies,
 A college for the Middle Colonies:
 "For see," quod they, "how incomplete is Yale,
 Without a chance to twist the TIGER's tail;
 And High Brow Harvard, it's a lead pipe cinch, 'll
 Be happy with some one to call 'provincial.'
 So, for to satisfy this double yearning,
 New Jersey needs must have a seat of learning."

But ere this happy notion bore its fruit
 The pious brethren fell into dispute;
 Two synods grew where one had been before,
 New York and Philly, waging merry war,
 And hurling threats and epithets prodigious,
 With fire and fury perfectly—religious:
 So has it been since history began—
 No subject stirs the fighting blood of man,
 Makes him so keen in seas of gore to roll
 As his own right to save his brother's soul;
 The priest may prate of making wars to cease,
 But brings more swords than implements of peace.
 Yet, after all, the priests are less to blame
 Than foolish Human Nature, that's the same
 In cowl and cassock as in martial mail,
 And loves a fight as epicures the quail.—
 At any rate, these warring Presbyterian
 Divines kicked up such clouds of dust, Cimmerian
 Obscurity enwraps the famous melee,
 And hides from laymen's sight the *casus belli*.

Now, while this fray fraternal split the Church,
 Bill Tennent died and left 'em in the lurch.
 (Right here let's pause, a curious fact to note:
 A book that Dr. Alexander wrote,
 Old Archibald, since 'Fifty-one in heaven,
 "Log College," page One Hundred Twenty-seven,
 Declares our second President, A. Burr,
 Had oft been heard in earnest to aver
 That JERSEY COLLEGE ne'er 'd have been erected
 Had dear old Yale Dave Brainerd not ejected!)

This much is sure—and more we need not know—
That eight score (and a fraction) years ago,
In Seventeen Hundred and Forty-six,
The New York Synod put in its best licks,
And, sad experience having made 'em smarter,
This time they landed, safe and sound, a charter.

It isn't spread upon our college blotter,
But seems to have been able to hold water—
Though not like certain stocks, which hadn't oughter,
Yet put a sponge to shame for packing water.
At any rate, it named a few Trustees,
And offered some high-vaulting guarantees:
Ambitious youth into the mysteries
Of Science and the Liberal Arts t' induct,
And in the Learned Languages instruct—
In short, an "Academick Education,"
Complete in every proper specification,
Was permanently to be kept on tap
For all who wanted academic pap—
A mental Nestle's Food-Imperial Granum
At only Four Pounds (Jersey weight) per annum.
We note in that historic document
That three Trustees are labeled simply "Gent.,"
While four are plainly nominated "Minister
Of Gospel"—a distinction we deem sinister;
Yet, being neither Dominie nor Gent.,
We merely note, and don't at all resent,
Or even wonder if it sounds as meant
Or caused a pang of jealous discontent
To *either* of the parties most concerned:
The truth, of course, can never now be learned.

III.

This much accomplished, it was necessary—
Advisable at least, and fitting, very—
To find an institution that would do
To fit the newly granted Charter to.
The genesis of PRINCETON's pedagogical
Career is somewhat mildly bugological,
As per one scribe who says the PRINCETON "germ"
(We can't forgive the gentleman that term,
It makes our patriotic stomach squirm)
Was planted by a wise and famous man,
J. Dickinson: the "J." for Jonathan,
A name in NASSAU's honor list enrolled

In lasting letters brightly writ in gold,
By pious Edwards and by Belcher borne,
Fit names our early chronicle t' adorn.

Now, J. D. had a little shop of knowledge,
A very pretty embryonic college,
Where half a dozen students were collected,
To have their manners and their minds perfected;
So this school to a college was erected,
And Jonathan as President elected—
The school remained in all respects the same,
With nothing changed except the official name.
Now, having reached at last the state of isness,
The Trustees advertised: "We're here for bizness;
'A body corporate and politick,'
With quarters at the home of Dr. Dick-
Inson, Elizabeth, the Rahway road,
South side thereof. Courses quite a la mode.
If we suit you, tell others—if we don't,
Tell us! Grand opening this spring!" We won't
Prolong the agony; suffice to say,
In 'Forty-seven, the last week in May,
The COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY's under way!

As, in the forging of this mighty nation,
The Fathers wrought with much of tribulation,
And the Colonial Confederation,
Dimly foreshadowing our better fates,
Led to the glorious Union of the States,
So with our College and its Founders: they
Through trackless territory groped their way,
With stupid opposition often vexed,
And oftentimes by problems deep perplexed.
Foremost of all came suitable location,
The problem of a central habitation;
And first the newly chartered corporation
Chose Newark, where a godly congregation
Unanimous, with no one to demur,
Sang endlessly the praise of Aaron Burr,
Their pious pastor, and a learned man.
So when the last call came to Jonathan
(We read that he was "decently interred")
His pupils up to Newark were transferred,
And merged with Aaron's Latin school. Deferred,
The project was not yet abandoned. Rather
As only the most lofty mountains gather

The clouds around their peaks, increasing trouble
Doth but the Founders' hopes and efforts double,
And prove their strength and wisdom. Hither comes—
Hurrah! Here beat the bugles, blow the drums!—
A friend who hath at once the will and power
To solve the problems of this gloomy hour:
One who had nothing in him of the welsher,
And born to play the part of trouble squelcher,
Another Jonathan, surname of Belcher,
Who greater than his master must be reckoned,
His Gracious Majesty, King George the Second;
Yet to the royal George we must be grateful,
And unto Providence, which in the fateful
Selection of a Governor for Neo-
Cæsaria hand-led him. To the trio,
King George, and Providence, and Belcher, praise
And honor and great glory all our days.

Perhaps too long we've lingered on the prelude,
But honestly, there is so much to tell you'd
Scarcely believe, unless perhaps you've tried it.
How hard, a story started, 'tis to guide it—
Especially if told in rhyme and meter:
It's like a pair of kiddies on a teeter—
If he who's on the ground decides to stop,
His vis-a-vis will take a sudden drop.
Each line we perpetrate requires another,
Although it's oftentimes the case we'd rather
Just let it go at that—indeed right now
We're stewing our poor wits to dope out how
In Hades we're to clap a stopper on
This tommyrot—and that's no whopper! On
Our word of honor, while we are explaining
Slow progress, and our further course detaining,
Our stupid brain to danger point we're straining
To bring these lines to a long-hoped-for period
Before they number halfway to a myriad—
Why, at the rate we're going e'en the Erie 'd
Get there ahead of us by half a day!—
Well, then, as we were just about to say,
When interrupted by ourselves so rudely,
We'll try to give our narrative more nudely.
We thank you for your very courteous patience,
And trust the Muse has had of mischief satience.

Resuming: Belcher hadn't been there long

When, realizing that they were "in wrong,"
 Those keen promoters sent him a petition
 To say his kind assistance they were wishin',
 "An' Ma would like the loan of some new leaven
 To raise the sponge she set in 'Forty-seven."
 Well, Jonathan he came and looked things over,
 And soon the college household was in clover;
 "There ain't no use," said he, "o' trying tew
 Make *bread o' that!* I'll mix you up a new
 An' better lot, and guarantee you'll say
 You never see a better bakin' day!"
 And, sure enough, when he got through with fixin',
 And flour and yeast and salt and water mixin',
 The loaf that from the oven came at last
 Was such a loaf as never was surpassed:
 'Twas neither dry nor doughy—just between—
 And such a golden glory ne'er was seen
 (Except in tresses of a fairy queen,
 And they, we think must certainly be just
 That shade) as marked its crisp but melting crust.
 'Twas sweet and toothsome as the best of cake,
 Without the richness that makes tummies ache;
 No cause for coin in pills to be invested,
 And yet not meatless like our "predigested,"
 Unwholesome breakfast foods.—Now, some folks hold
 That baker Belcher simply took the old
 Unrisen batter and did something to it
 That made the fermentation spread all through it,
 And stir the loaf and magicwise renew it.
 And yet there seems more reason to suppose
 The truth of history resides with those
 Who say, directly contradicting these,
 The architect of PRINCETON's destinies
 (As such may Belcher fairly be regarded)
 The poorly built foundation wall discarded,
 Although it may have been a useful starter,
 And planned *de novo* in his famous charter.
 So, search the labyrinthine mazes through,
 The old grant isn't mentioned in the new,
 Which, answering the Founders' earnest prayer,
 Doth in the name of Georgius Rex declare:
 "As we desire our subjects all to suit,
 We mean to will, give, grant and constitute
 And have willed, given, granted, constituted
 The things they ask—and hope they all *are* suited."

Here let us pause to set the story straight:
 This second, final charter bears the date
 September Fourteen, Seventeen Forty-eight,
 And that would make old PRINCETON's age appear
 As One-Six-Eight the ninth month of next year;
 Yet from the catalogue it's plain and clear
 They calculate our age from 'Forty-six—
 Which indicates that they prefer to fix
 Our genesis by that first grant of powers,
 Recorded early in this tale of ours,
 It seems that colleges in computation
 Of their own age take into calculation
 The antenatal period of gestation—
 For Alma Mater, unlike other ladies,
 Despises youthfulness and hates like Hades
 In counting up her record since she came to
 This earth, to lose a year she has a claim to;
 And while for most of womankind each birthday
 Is saddening, for her it is a mirth day;
They often drop a few, deny they've had em—
This dear old lady slily tries to add 'em!

IV.

So now the college is in Newark town,
 And Aaron and his faculty get down
 To work for NASSAU's glory and renown—
 The "faculty" was Caleb Smith, as tutor,
 And Aaron's only teaching coadjutor.
 The college set a very simple table,
 Few viands, but each one was true to label;
 Ah, those were days of health and simple diet—
 But modern students wouldn't care to try it.
 Alas! departed is the old simplicity,
 The call is nowadays for multiplicity
 Of courses—and it's wholly incontestable
 The bill of fare with every new comestible
 More piquant is, but also less digestible.
 Perhaps it is the latter day scholastic
 Has organs more efficient and elastic!
 At any rate, our Aaron raised a breed
 Of hardy lads on simple fare indeed;
 A well compacted academic fascicle,
 Of which the elements were mainly classical,
 With double end, reversible translation,
 From each to t'other tongue, and back—tarnation!—

And endless drill in Greek and Latin grammar—
 Why, even then one must have been a crammer
 Of "parts" to get by Prexy Burr! They say
 That Aaron had a very "taking" way,
 As from the following story may be seen:
 Joe Shippen, 'Fifty-three (with Seventeen
 Before it) tells how when the college in
 A lottery had won a lot of tin
 (The treasury had well depleted been),
 The President, when told of it, was so
 Refreshed in spirits—they'd been very low—
 He made a famous touch right there and then
 Of Alvord and some other Boston men
 (Cum multis aliis Bostonien-
 Sibus) that set us on our feet again.

"And who like him could punish an offence
 So that not only none the act resents,
 But it's approved by e'en the delinquents?"
 We hope we're not too late to answer, though
 'Twas asked a century and a half ago—
 And so we state: We really do not know!
 But this we do know, that in Aaron's day,
 As now, 'neath Hibben's firm, benignant sway,
 The COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY ever ran
 With sturdy stride in education's van,
 And not to scholars only gave its laurels,
 Or those who'd more of muscle than of morals,
 But sealed with its approval those in whom
 The flower of manhood came to perfect bloom
 Whose petals are of body, soul and head,
 Strength that is gentle, wit with honor wed.

Now, Newark is a very pleasant place,
 But boys in town are apt to go a pace
 That keeps their elders on the anxious seat,
 And so the solons thought 'twould be discreet
 To seek some place of scholarly seclusion
 Far from the madding city crowd's confusion,
 Where in true academic calm and quiet
 They might live free from fear of sudden riot.
 The boys were boarding 'round in private houses,
 And while perhaps they weren't inclined to souses
 Or flirting with the worthy burghers' spouses
 (We hate to say that, but the rhyme allows us
 Small latitude; 'twas daughters that we meant),

Yet Aaron would have been much more content
 Could he have kept 'em all within his reach.
 Besides, he had no proper place to teach
 His classes in; the lads did their reciting
 At County Court House, and there were inviting
 Diversions that outrivalled mathematics
 In "human interest." The ancient Attics,
 For all their faculty of high mentation,
 Would certainly in such a situation
 Have felt there should be something more to college
 Than gnawing at the withered bones of knowledge.
 Some more sequestered place the Trustees sought,
 And stated very plainly that they thought
 This world "a theatre of dissipation,"
 "Promiscuous converse" with it a temptation
 Too apt to end in premature damnation.
 (Had virtue all the power the pious claim,
 Temptation would be nothing but a name.)

At any rate, the Powers That Used To Be
 Decided it were best like Lot to flee
 And separate each tender growing charge
 As far as might be from Passaic's marge;
 And so they meet, these Fathers grave and sage,
 And pro and con logomachy they wage;
 "For see," said they, "a college we have got—
 A right good college, too—but not
 A decent domicile. We must have buildings,
 With all the fussy trimmings and the gildings,
 For brains are not a bit of use, you know,
 In this old world of vanity and woe,
 Unless you put 'em some place where they'll show,
 And colleges, whatever their curriculum,*
 Though guarded strictly as the old Janiculum,
 With pupils plenty and no end of books,
 Professors learn'd enough to match their looks,
 But lacking marble halls and ivied towers,
 Are like a Samson shorn of hair and powers!
 Go to! Prate not of scholarship's Napoleons!

*They had not read that teasing sheet, the *Sun*,
 Which now and then these ribald rhymes doth run:

"Curriculum, curriculum—
 O verbum ter ridiculum,
 With which the pedants tickle 'em!"

What use is scholarship without SIMOLEONS?"
 So, lest the college should get weak and tottery,
 They got permission to conduct a lottery;
 In fact, they had 'em in Connecticut,
 In Philadelphia and the Jerseys; but
 (As though enough in this land they could not land,
 They even touched the brethren in old Scotland),
 The cash in hand for buying stone and mortar,
 The wind still blew from its long wonted quarter:
 "What is the most desirable location
 From which to rule this mighty Jersey nation?"
 And one would stay in Newark town, and one
 Preferred Elizabeth, where they'd begun;
 But general opinion seemed to run
 In favor of a site near Jersey's middle:
 New Brunswick, say, whereat: "Oh, fiddle-
 Sticks! *Can* the comedy," quoth one old party
 Whose rotund figure told of living hearty
 And whose bluff manner plain bespoke the layman—
 "Why, you may hang me higher than Boss Haman;
 I'd sooner live in endless Ramadan,
 The fasting month of folk Mahometan,
 Than on the banks of the old Rar-i-tan!
 New Brunswick is a one-hoss sort of town—
 My vote for good old PRINCETON please put down!"

The PRINCETON proposition "listened" good,
 Especially when one old timer—would
 We might record the aged seer's name,
 But he has come unlabelled down to fame;
 Indeed, we're feeling (modestly) elated
 Because we do not find the story stated
 In our Princetoniana. Though belated,
 We yet report the speech without errata,
 And only wish we had th' attendant data—
 Now, to it! When that butt in dash began,
 A few lines back, 'twas our immediate plan
 To tell how this gray bearded, wise old man,
 Whose eyes seemed somewhat dimmed by salty rheum,
 Yet strangely strong to penetrate the gloom
 That veils the future from the normal sight,
 As though with vision from an inner light,
 Arose, upraised a trembling hand, and spoke
 In accents that with strange emotion broke:
 "My brothers, there is given to me power

To pierce the petals of the folded flower
 Of Time! Far down the vista of the years
 Unborn I look, as did the ancient seers,
 With this new gift of mine. The Prospect clears,
 And where just now was darkness without form
 Up out of chaos living pictures storm:
 I see a college set upon a hill,
 That clearer grows upon my vision till,
 'Neath towers that like a fairy city gleam,
 Behold! More fair than your most daring dream,
 The promised land of perfect Academe!
 I seem to see it passing down the stream
 Of yet remoter years; and evermore
 It grows more perfect than it was before;
 Men come and go, a strange new race; but she,
 This Alma Mater, planted like the sea,
 With tides that ebb and flow continually,
 Forever changing, yet the same for aye,
 Pursues more grandly her triumphant way.
 I see her ravished by the vandal's hand,
 While war's red horrors devastate the land—
 I see her sending patriotic sons
 To sow the seed of Freedom with their guns,
 While others, fresh from her protecting walls,
 Preside in a new nation's council halls,
 I see the lighted lamp of Learning's fane
 With undimmed lustre that her sons maintain,
 A noble race that 'round her banners throng
 And honor her in word and deed and song
 Until through all the land resounds her name,
 And to the world's ends ring her praise and fame;
 Her love *tunes every heart and every voice,*
 Her singing sons *with one accord rejoice*
In praise—he paused, while they beheld with awe
 Him glorified—“*in praise of OLD NASSAU!*
 The anthem swells like billows on the shore.”
 He ceased, his ringing voice was hushed, and o'er
 The rapt assembly, breathless with amaze,
 There came a vision of the unborn days
 With wealth of compensating promise fraught
 When men should say: “How well the Founders wrought!”

V.

Too sweet the silence was to be enduring,
 And they were soon recalled from their alluring

Reflections on the glories booked for being
 By one who rudely broke the spell with: "Seeing
 That Newark and Elizabeth are out,
 And Princeton or New Brunswick without doubt
 Is where the COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY 'll settle,
 Let's show 'em our acumen and our mettle,
 And make these people boil the college kettle.
 With all respect to you, sirs, and The Cloth,
 We've got to have a fire to heat the broth;
 And though I lack your pious airs and learning,
 We laymen are the lads to keep it burning:
 We let the other fellow do the toiling
 To fetch the wood that keeps the pot a-boiling.
 To put it plainly: if you want a site,
 Don't go a-begging for it, but invite
 The other chaps to bid—then, watch 'em fight!
 One fears the Greeks, not 'though,' but just because
 They come with gifts—it's human to find flaws
 In unexpected generosity,
 For good things are not often given free;
 But pin a good big price mark on, and see!
 Just play these people off against each other;
 Result, a regular bargain counter smother!"

'Twas good advice, though offered with some crudeness,
 And preachers have their share of worldly shrewdness;
 Regarding not the speaker but the word,
 It seemed an admonition from the Lord:
 "He chooses humble vessels oft," said they,
 "His messages of guidance to convey."
 Unconsciously we're very hypocritical,
 In matters from religious to political;
 Our course is oft determined by a sign
 We have to stretch a point to call divine.

The Trustees promptly then communicated
 With PRINCETON and New Brunswick, and dictated
 The terms in which their offers should be stated:
 So many dollars, *and* so many acres.
 New Brunswick didn't furnish any takers,
 But seemed to think our good Trustees were fakers.
 "No thanks," they said, "go fool the PRINCETON Quakers!"*
 There were no flies upon the PRINCETON folk,
 They ever were a "canny" tribe—no joke!—

*The first settlers of Princeton were "Friends."

And boldly and forthright they up and spoke:
"The coin is yours, good sirs—a thousand pound,
With ten broad acres of the best cleared ground,
Besides two hundred more of woodland, found.
We'll take you in—we mean it, on the level!
Bring on the boys, we need 'em like the dickens—
The sport, the athlete, and the greasy grind—
On with the dance, let joy be unrefined!
Rah! Tiger! Sis-boom-ah! PRINCETON!"—We gloat;
Was PRINCETON or the other place the goat?

Now, Muse, lift up thy drooping head, and sing—
Put ginger in it! Sing like anything!
Art getting lazy? What's the matter, Muse?
We're only nicely started on our cruise,
With many a league before us—up, and sing,
As doth the lark on heaven aspiring wing,
Another canto of thy lyric lay;
Sing of that ever memorable day,
When Joseph Morrow and his mighty men
Stuck spade in PRINCETON soil—inspire the pen
To flights of eloquence yet unattained,
Let all the wells of Poesy be drained—
Divert the course of Wisdom's full fed stream
To fit the channel of our lofty theme—
At any rate, let's try to tell the story
Of OLD NORTH's natal day and start in glory.

'Twas in July, the nine-and-twentieth day,
In 'Fifty-four, our college records say,
They stuck the spade into the sacred soil—
Oh, blest beyond the wont of men, to toil
In enterprise so noble, so enduring,
So much of solace to this world assuring!
Most fortunate of all mankind was he,
That Thomas Leonard, the elect Trustee
Who set the cornerstone of NASSAU HALL,
That ancient, proud palladium of us all!
And one there was of less exalted station,
A mason he by daily occupation,
Whose name stands unsurpassed in PRINCETON's annals,
Though not inscribed on our memorial panels;
To William Worth, whose hand and eye were true,
Full meed of praise—Bill, here's a toast to you:
May Nassau's sons acclaim you in all lands

While one stone of old NASSAU HALL still stands
Upon another! When these stout walls tumble,
Let Learning die, and all our altars crumble!

Now pastward has another year retreated,
And Worth his lasting labor has completed,
And Robert Smith, true knight of plane and saw,
Whose work, like Worth's, was doubtless without flaw,
Although his fame is somewhat more ethereal,
Because he wrought in perishing material,
In 'Fifty-five performed his little stunt—
And often since the students gay have done 't:
A statement that needs no long labored proof
When 'tis explained that Robert "raised the roof."
But most of all that gallant company
To Randolph should the praise and honor be—
Fitz Randolph whose big heart and open hand,
That freely gave of money and of land,
And neither time nor toilsome effort grudged
Entitle him the leader to be judged
Of PRINCETON's townfolk, ever loyal clan,
Who root for our old college to a man.

Now doth the dome of NASSAU HALL arise,
A pinnacle aspiring to the skies,
That PRINCETON's soaring spirit typifies.
The day of little things is left behind,
Our Lares and Penates are enshrined;
The baby's old enough to have a name.
"Why," all his happy relatives exclaim,
"There's only one name that will do at all—
We'll *have* to call the youngster Belcher Hall."
And so a cordial letter they indited
To Jonathan, to say he was invited
To stand godfather to his little friend.
But Jonathan declined the honor, saying:
"Too great a compliment, my friends, you're paying
To my small part in the foundation laying.
I thank the Lord indeed, that some small share
In this great enterprise was mine; but there
The matter has its end; I must decline—
This motto is a favorite of mine,
Prodesse quam conspicui. [Does it mean
Better to be and do than to be seen
And done?] Let me suggest a better way:
To William of Nassau this honor pay,

Who builded England greater and more free
And gave the present race of Kings to be
O'er Englishmen on either side the sea
Most wise and gracious rulers. So let's call
This temple of instruction NASSAU HALL!"—
And so it was they gave the very name
Of England's royal house to what became
The highest altar of rebellion's flame!

Was it not General Xenophon whose men
"Proceeded thence by easy stages—En-
Teuthen exelaunei"? Three score and ten
With Aaron at the head in high command
The college army marched through Jerseyland;
But as to "easy" stages we're inclined
To think that they were pretty hard to find
In those days. College records do not tell
What happened in between the fond farewell
To Newark town and PRINCETON's welcome home,
And so is lost a canter for our pome.

VI.

Well, then, let's have a look at campus ways—
They had some queer ones in those "good" old days:
At—bless us!—five o'clock each weekday morn
The college Gabriel winded well his horn;
And forthwith down the dormitory stairs
The lads came trooping out to morning prayers—
Then, study—breakfast—half an hour free;
Next, morning classes—dinner—recreation,
Allowance, ninety minutes; recitation
To supper time, and prayers again; till seven
Your time's your own; study; bed at ten—heaven
The students didn't call it, that's a bet!
A good stiff schedule, wasn't it? And yet
The wise authorities these rules provided
In order that the students might be guided
In paths of rectitude in those two hours
Per diem when they plucked the tempting flowers
Of idleness: that whoso played at dice,
Or cards, should pay five shillings for his vice—
With public admonition if caught twice;
While if a third time in the tents he dwelled
Of sinful dalliance, he should be expelled.
They furthermore informed the Rah-Rah boys
"No jumping, hollaring, or boisterous noise"

Would be allowed; that shoes and stockings "tight"
 Must be; that any undergrad who might
 Desire to smoke or chew tobacco in
 His room must pay five shillings of his tin
 Per quarter extra on his room rent—Oh,
 We're glad we didn't live so long ago!
 But stop a moment here—life wasn't so
 Completely gloomy as we've made it seem,
 For through the ancient town a steady stream
 Of varied traffic flowed: afoot, astride,
 Awheel, the seething, never ceasing tide
 Of life ran past the college door; and here
 The stages made their half-way stop for cheer
 To man and beast; and news from far and near
 Was passed in tavern taproom; yarns were told,
 Strange traveller's tales that made the blood run cold—
 Of foreign lands and pirates' buried gold—
 That often must have lured the lads at night
 When study lamps made curtained windows bright
 To steal an hour from musty tomes away,
 And risk the restless tutor's call as pay.
 Forbidden fruit is sweetest, so they say;
 And as to rules—we wonder if in making 'em
 The wise old dons don't count the fun of breaking 'em!

Although a leisure progress we prefer,
 Let's give Plug Pegasus the whip and spur!
 Before the first Commencement could occur,
 The last call came to good old Prexy Burr.
 He died in harness, and his last words were:
 "When I am gone, I beg you, don't incur
 Undue expense my body to inter—
 To spend it on the living I prefer."
 With such an epitaph in words his own,
 What need of learned Latin carved in stone?
 Burr died in 'Fifty-seven. Edwards came
 In January, 'Fifty-eight. The same
 Year, ere his work was more than nicely started,
 March Twenty-two, from this life he departed;
 And though we "only know he came and went,"
 Great lustre to our college fame he lent.
 In April, 'Fifty-eight, the Trustees met,
 And did the strangest thing we've heard of yet:
 Elected one James Lockwood President,
 A preacher in Connecticut; then went

And made the Reverend Caleb Smith their head
 To serve until they met again; instead
 Of stopping there and being satisfied
 With twice the number that the laws provide,
 The Reverend Samuel Finley they appointed
 And so they made the office triple jointed.
 Though Lockwood turned the proffered post aside,
 Both Cale and Sammy had been qualified.
 In 'Fifty-nine, fifth month thereof, at last,
 The final ballot was for Davies cast
 (Another Reverend Samuel); and he
 Two years was at the helm—the libraree
 Received the most of his attention, though
 At that it wasn't anything to blow
 About. He caught a cold; the doctors bled
 Him for it—ten days later he was dead.
 (Perhaps it isn't fair to blame the doctors
 For body sickness, any more than proctors
 Are held to be the cause of campus riot,
 But when there's trouble both are mighty nigh it—
 We cannot prove cause and effect relation,
 But urge most serious consideration
 Of this coincidental implication.)
 From 'Sixty-one to 'Sixty-six Sam Finley
 Held office—five years more spread mighty thinly
 With butter of adventure; all now pitch in
 And plug away most faithful at their stitchin'.
 They made arrangements for a college kitchen,
 And then the Trustees passed some mighty firm bills
 To make the stujents come across on term bills;
 A bread-and-buttery administration,
 A peaceful period of incubation,
 Of silent growth and quiet preparation
 For that great era ready to dawn soon
 When under President John Witherspoon
 Heroic deeds should be the contribution
 Of our self-sacrificing institution
 To the great drama of the Revolution.

What cloud is this, no bigger than a hand,
 That sends grim echoes rumbling through the land?
 What strange new light that kindles every eye,
 Beholding it climb up the hills of sky
 And spread till all the heavens are o'ercast
 And earth is darkened 'neath its shadow vast—

While from its heart of gloom the forked fire leaps?
 What stir is this, what sudden wrath that sweeps
 From lip to lip where'er men meet and turn
 To one another faces pale and stern?
 What fires that on a million altars burn?
 These youthful acolytes of Academe,
 Whose wonted ways of exercise and theme
 Are peaceful as a summer twilight dream—
 Why doth each eye with fiery ardor gleam,
 Each voice vibrate with passion high and hot,
 While *f* of *x* and Tully are forgot?
 These learned men who slow, with knitted brow,
 The Campus closes pace—are Greek roots now
 Their pabulum, and tangled paradigms?
 Their sluggish pulses quicken with the times,
 In tavern yards they take unwonted station,
 To 'wait the stage with eager expectation
 And hear the latest news from Boston, where
 The British Lion's bearded in his lair,
 And what Virginia's patriots are doing,
 And—what a lovely pot of trouble's brewing!

What stirring days those must have been in Hall,
 When Whig and Clio hotly argued all
 The vexing questions of those bitter years,
 Received each loyal speech with ringing cheers
 And overwhelmed with hisses, hoots and jeers
 Each victim of the fortunes of debate
 Compelled by lot—Oh, most unhappy fate!—
 The loathed British side of it to state,
 The while for Britain he was full of hate!
 With Paterson and his "Well Meaning" clan
 The history of Clio Hall began,
 While some unnamed Princetonian collected
 A band of kindred spirits who selected
 "Plain Dealing" as their trademark, and erected
 The framework whereupon Whig Hall was modelled—
 Soft cradle where the arts of speech are coddled.
 In later years that good old man McCosh
 Joined Whig—and showed good common sense, by Gosh!
 (Excuse the outburst of hayseedy Latin!)
 And somewhat later still dear Prexy Patton
 Took honored station on the Clio deck—
 And he showed even better sense, by Heck!
 But Whig and Clio in those stormy times

Were far more lively than these pokey rhymes—
And also less luxurious by far
Than in their marble temples now they are
And certainly there must have been some tall
Upshoots of oratory in each Hall
When Paterson and Ellsworth had it out,
And Madison met Bedford in a bout
Or Dayton and the younger Aaron met to
Amuse their classmates with a verbal set-to,
Or Frelinghuysen waged logomachy
With Brother Smith, our President-to-be—
Of famous names, too great a throng to mention—
Why, half the Constitutional Convention
Was there, and half the siege of Yorktown, too—
Of Generals and Judges what a crew!
Their boyish cheeks and chins are bare of stubble,
Yet in each heart the springs of Freedom bubble—
With promise for their Tory friends of trouble—
The raw material of hot sedition
That needs a single spark to cause ignition
And send King George and all his redcoat minions
Volplaning heavenward on sprouting pinions!

Now out on Mercer street the Muse is bound,
To visit PRINCETON'S famous battleground;
Just here it was they battled, long ago—
The ragged Continental and his foe!
Across these very smiling fields where now
The farmer in the year's youth plies his plough,
Upturning sacred soil to drink the sun—
Uncovering, perchance, a rusted gun
Of quaint old flintlock pattern, flung away
By some sore wounded patriot that day;
And on these grassy hillsides where the slow
Incessant tidal seasons ebb and flow,
By liberal handed Nature ranging wide
Athwart this calm mid-Jersey countryside:
A deeper furrow seared the fallow field,
And of his malign labor's sanguine yield
The gaunt, grim Reaper would not be denied.

They fought, the Buff, the Red—as battles run,
A poor affair! No surge of vast brigades;
Yet 'neath the moon: "The nation's life we won,"
Is heard the whispering of patriot shades.

And now the Jersey campaign's at an end,
 And PRINCETON's battered fortunes on the mend,
 Ye gods! What ruin where was all so fair!
 Can human hands these ravages repair?
 Can they who hate the night command the noon?
 We seem to hear the voice of Witherspoon:
 "What though he vandal has defaced our halls?
 Still stand, as firm as Mother Earth, these walls;
 And though our books are scattered far and wide,
 Think not, my lads, that with them Learning died:
 All these are honorable, manly scars—
 And OLD NORTH's dome still soars to meet the stars!
 These sacred stones in formless ruin laid,
 Not even then need stout hearts be dismayed;
 For stone and mortar do not make a college,
 But flesh and blood—and brains—and love of knowledge;
 "And yet," we seem to hear him shrewdly add,
 "To be without a roof is rather bad!
 Now, show your PRINCETON SPIRIT and your muscle—
 Off with your coats, roll up your sleeves, and hustle!"
 They did it—students, faculty, Trustees,
 And loyal PRINCETON townfolk. As the bees
 "In springtime, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth," where honey hides,
 To store up provender for coming seasons,
 So they industriously swarm; and these 'ns
 Go whistling at their work like navy bo's'ns,
 And nimbly climb to patch the roof, while those 'ns
 Are wielding saw and hammer with a will,
 Or cutting glass blank window frames to fill:
 And soon the trademarks of the vandal Hessian,
 Too expert at his ruinous profession,
 Are all erased, and NASSAU HALL, restored,
 Receives again the eager student horde.

Despatches for the Congress, brief but meaty;
The war is over, they have signed the Treaty!
 The tidings fly throughout the new born nation,
 And as they go engender jubilation—
 Wide throated cannon, rusty dogs of war,
 Death dealing late, now peace proclaiming roar.
 A million bells peal forth the joyous news,
 With brazen clamor—but, all seeing Muse,
 Say who are these that sullenly refuse
 To join in joy? An army without shoes,

Half clad, and full of angry discontent,
 (And little else!) : "We don't care half a cent
 For all the treaties ever signed in France—
 What *we* want 's beef and bread, and shoes and pants!
 You've got 'em up a tree—*who was it treed 'em?*
 America is free—*who fit for freedom?*
 Less din, more dinners! Well you know we need 'em!"
 So they who bore the brunt of bitter strife
 Who bade farewell to babe and weeping wife,
 Resigning all that's fair and good in life
 To face the belching cannon's deadly flame,
 To pay the shrieking shell's unholy claim,
 The horrors of the camp and stricken field
 Unshaken to endure—and never yield!
 Unpaid for all their arduous campaigning,
 Small wonder if their patriotism's waning.
 But Congress lacks the wherewithal to pay 'em,
 And Congressmen live in the fear of mayhem,
 Of Powder Plots, and sudden death, and mutiny,
 And after anxious, pocket turning scrutiny
 That proves the coffers wholly impecunious—
 'Twould gravel all the worldly wit of Junius
 To pay an army off, however, willing,
 When in the world you haven't got a shilling—
 Decide at this most critical conjuncture
 The country can't afford to stand for puncture
 Of legislative hides; and so: "To prove
 Our loyalty," they say, "let's up and move
 The seat of Government away from Philly
 Before these mutineers can knock us silly,"
 "But whither shall we flee—I mean, retire?"
 Asks one. The query finds a prompt replier,
 No doubt an old Nassovican: "That's easy!
 We'll want a place that's high and dry and breezy—
 Yet not *too* dry!—where we can work and play,
 Be dignified as Congress should by day
 And after dinner get a little gay
 Without a lot of meddling folk to say
 They don't exactly understand the way
 Lawmakers are supposed to earn their pay!
 I know a place"—his eyes, his voice grew dreamy,
 As when some youngster spies a tidbit creamy
 Reposing calmly on the pantry shelf
 And hardly can restrain his lower self
 That prompts to sudden seizure of the pelf—

But then his higher faculties arise
 And bid him means strategic to devise
 To lift the plunder ere the cook gets wise—
 As from the scene of rapine swift he flies,
 Young rapture, kindling, beameth in his eyes—
 "I know a place"—and draws them such a picture
 As to repeat would be but to afflict your
 Nostalgic nerve with pain unnecessarily;
 'Twas PRINCETON he described at length and, verily,
 With such a theme to wing his arguments
 We cannot wonder that his eloquence
 Prevailed completely, insomuch that soon—
 In 'Eighty-three, the latter part of June,
 We find the Congress duly holding forth
 In that historic edifice OLD NORTH!

VIII.

Behold our village quite transmogrified,
 The townsfolk swelling up with proper pride,
 To see their quiet place of habitation
 (Six dozen houses held its population)
 Become the capital of all the nation!
 Behold the streets—there weren't so many then—
 A thoroughfare for real, live Congressmen,
 And gallant cavalcades (God bless us, neighbors)
 Of stern-faced officers with clanking sabers—
 And Ministers from European Powers
 (In token that they were aware of ours).
 From all the airts adventurers come flocking,
 Till multitudes at Princeton's gates are knocking,
 To "sleep" them all there must have been some shocking—
 We mean to say, no doubt a double locking
 Was deemed advisable with such a rabble on
 The rampage in this Mercer County Babylon.
 The crank who has a loony scheme to urge,
 The dandy, bent on making mighty splurge,
 The shell game artist—one and all converge
 On flustered PRINCETON as a common focus
 With every brand that's known of hocuspocus.
 From all the countryside about come thronging
 The farmer folk, consumed with itch of longing,
 To get a sight of genuine sassiety—
 It's here in every possible variety,
 Enough to glut the greediest, to satiety—
 And incidentally to get in touch

With that of which one never has too much,
 And coax the Philadelphia pounds to pass,
 With shillings and with pence, for garden sass;
 Now blood of lambs and sucking pigs is shed,
 And lowing cattle swatted on the head,
 And calves and capons ruthlessly are led
 To sacrificial altars by the said
 Hard hearted, horny handed sons of toil,
 Autochthons of the generous Jersey soil.
 Canst hear the housewife call: "Now, Obadiah,
 Go split some cordwood for my oven fire,
 The gentlemen are coming here to dinner."
 But graceless Obadiah, youthful sinner,
 Has made a hasty exit from the kitchen
 And runs the chances of a lusty switchin'
 To join the innyard roysterers at pitchin'
 Of quoits for pennies. Obadiah pater,
 With many a taproom crony and debater,
 Each mouth of politics a belching crater,
 Is thrashing out the problems that keep greater
 And wiser heads than his well occupied.
 As for the Campus—four-score studes are there—
 We bet the dancing master, D'Orssiere,
 Had larger classes to his holding forth
 Than spouted Greek and Latin in OLD NORTH;
 And sword and epaulette, we do opine,
 Had greater charms than aorist and sine.
 But though the boys' attention was deflected,
 And math and classics woefully neglected,
 Which doubtless made the worthy profs dejected,
 We cannot doubt they gleaned a lot of practical
 Ideas worth much more than the didactical
 Instruction the curriculum prescribed;
 And many an undergraduate imbibed
 Ambition and enduring inspiration
 That played a part in building up the nation.

Sure, never was Commencement such a spree
 Of nobbiness as this of 'Eighty-three,
 When on the platform in the old First Church
 You couldn't find, no matter how you'd search,
 A single soul but was—or was to be
 In time—a national celebritee.
 For teachers, preachers, warriors were there
 Of name illustrious beyond compare;

And two of the ORIGINAL TRUSTEES,
 The Reverend Johnes and Peartree Smith were these,
 Two Presidents-to-be of NASSAU HALL,
 And two who later on ruled over all;
 And there were seven Signers—count 'em, seven—
 And fortunately for our rhyme, eleven
 Who shared in making that great contribution
 To history, our noble Constitution.
 And Washington, so well doth Ashbel* please
 He fifty guineas gives to the Trustees,
 Who have the hero's portrait done by Peale
 (A dainty way to show what thanks they feel—
 Trustees are highly expert at that game)
 And hang it in the other George's frame.

And now the Congress emigrates to Maryland,
 And PRINCETON from a temporary fairyland
 Becomes once more the quiet college town.
 While everybody calmly settles down
 To business—and there is plenty, too
 For everybody, Town and Gown, to do.
 An age of history has run its span
 (It mussed things up right lively as it ran)
 And now the boiler crew is making steam
 To run the engines of the new regime.
 Could Dickinson and Belcher PRINCETON visit,
 They'd rub their spooky eyes and gasp: "Gee whiz, it
 Can *not* be possible that—really—is it?
 Why, this is veritable Academe
 Beyond the utmost limits of our dream,
 A scholar's paradise and field Elysian
 Unhinted in our most ambitious vision.
 Had we dared draw, in lines however hazy,
 So fair a picture of the future, 'crazy'
 Would certainly have been the mildest word
 For us, and for the prophecy, 'absurd.'
 What noble architecture—glad we've seen it!
A hundred students? Really—do you mean it?
 What wealth of books, and learned apparatus!
That's nothing? Surely, fun you're poking at us—
Don't, even to a *spiritus afflatus*!
 If you keep on at this rate there's no telling
 To what gargantuan measure you'll be swelling!

*Ashbel Green, '83, valedictorian; president, 1812-22.

Why, there may come a time when half a score
Of halls like this won't hold you all!"—We've more
To-day than half a hundred halls, and still
An overflow of studes the town to fill.—
He ceases, and the reverend spooks descend
(As erstwhile Dante and his classic friend)
Down through the Cannon to the realm below
Where PRINCETON souls are harbored. As they go
In accents measured, dignified and slow
They call for "locomotives" for their mentor,
Which roll up from the subterranean center;
"Rah! Tiger! Sis, boom, ah! John Witherspoon!"
The shades depart these glimpses of the moon.

Now Witherspoon is gathered to his fathers,
Released from life's vicissitudes and bothers;
The voice that like a trumpet called to war,
The hand that Freedom's banner boldly bore,
The brain that planned a nation—these no more
Are with the young Republic to inspire
Upholding hands; but in men's hearts the fire
He kindled shall with quenchless ardor burn!
He taught the sons of PRINCETON, and in turn,
Did their sons from their sires his wisdom learn—
Until, in our late day, we joyed to bear
In Woodrow Wilson's accents ringing clear
The lofty motto, dear to PRINCETON men,
Of: "*PRINCETON for the Nation's service!*" When,
NASSOVICANS, that slogan is forgot,
Or loses power to make our pulses hot
With patriotic zeal, let PRINCETON's name
Be steeped in blank oblivion, lest shame,
Defile the banner blazoned with her name!

All honor to our PRINCETON pioneers,
Who builded solid for the unborn years;
To BURR and BELCHER, WITHERSPOON and all
Who planned and built and cherished NASSAU HALL.

END OF PART ONE OF THE VERSE HISTORY
OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

GLORIES OF NASSAU.

PART II.

THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM THE END OF PRESIDENT WITHERSPOON'S ADMINISTRATION TO THE ELECTION OF DR. McCOSH.

1794-1868.

Across the way from Caria's fabled hills
Which lovelorn fair Selene nightly fills
With lambent moon rays that caressing creep
About Endymion in endless sleep
(The story's told by that young friend of Shelley
Who tempts the tripping tongue to "Sheets and Kelly")
O'erlooking bright Aegean's oft sung wave
And Isles of Greece that made Lord Byron rave,
Fair Clio, weary of her labor, sate—
Kind Clio, she who helped us celebrate
The glories of OLD NASSAU's early state—
And deemed it wise and well to emulate
The Latmian sleeper. First the lady sought
Olympus' austere heights, where dwelt and wrought
(And, quite like simple humans, loved and fought)
The gods of ancient Greece, whom Homer hymned—
Those he-gods gay and she-gods rosy limbed;
And smiled to think how Juno'd played the deuce
With all the best laid plans of Father Zeus
(We mix with Latin water oil that's Greek—
It keeps the rhyme from running with a squeak).

But where the palace of great Zeus had blazed,
Long ages gone, was emptiness; and, dazed,
She wondered at the impious race that razed
The homes of gods and drove the old gods out—
You should have seen her: *such* a pretty pout!
Then suddenly the good dame took a notion
To visit her old haunts in lands Bœotian,
With one stopover scheduled at the Phocian
(Does our geography pass muster?) mountain,
To meet a drink at the Castalian fountain—
It tasted no more like the old Parnassian
Refreshment than the creatures, modern fashion,
Resemble those huge men and bulls of Bashan.
"Oh, dear," says she, "I'm dry as any pelican,"
And petulant resumes her flight for Helicon.

Midway, misdoubting modern Hippocrene,
 She paused, firm earth and upper air between
 (A "stabilizer" on her air machine
 Made her of aviators' art the queen
 'Twould turn our aeromen with envy green)
 And north again with equal beating wing
 Resumed her flight—as fast as anything!
 Unhalting as the hourglass sands, the miles
 Dripped from her metric pinions, until whiles
 Where eld Thessalians practised their ill guiles
 She harbored in remote Tempean vale.

Scarce had her wearied sense begun to fail
 And purple sleep o'erspread her visage pale
 When loud and raucous over hill and dale;
 "Io, wuxtry! PRINCETON TIGERS wallop Yale!"
 Each classic echo takes the joyous sounds,
 From peak to peak (and Greek to Greek) it bounds
 And wakes the weary Muse to wrath—who "Zounds!"
 Exclaims, and follows it with "Tare an ouns,
 But this is past enduring and all bounds!
 Such doings would get any Muse's goat—
 It's worse than women screeching for the vote!
 Enough to make a perfect lady swear."—
 Just then, inopportune, we made our prayer
 That she, our foretime patroness, would grant
 Repeated favors to us postulant
 And grateful for—"No, *sir!* I've had enough
 Of this here COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY stuff!
 But—if you really need a chap'ron, mister,
 Why don't you see my less demanded sister?"—
 "Oh, thanks," we said, "ten thousand pardons, madam!
 Your sisters—really, we'd forgot you had 'em!
 But which one—for, of course, we know you've several—
 Would you commend to us? Be sure we never 'll
 Betray your confidence—" "Oh, run along,
 And ease your system with a dose of song—
 Take my advice, and mix it good and strong!"
 "Then, madam, since you choose to be so highuppy,
 We'll go and make a contract with Calliope!"

CALLIOPE, of all the Sacred Nine
 Thy province is the nearest to divine;
 To build the epic, rising line by line
 To art's ecstatic heights! The witching lyre

Of Orpheus, thy son, owed thee its fire
E'en more than to Apollo, thy son's sire;
Come, kindle us! Address thee to the theme—
Up, Muse, and at 'em! Turn on all your steam—
The paper path lies open, ream on ream!

II.

The ancient order giveth way to new,
And other forms and faces come to view.
We left the good ship NASSAU with a crew
Depleted by the 'Seventy-six typhoon
And mourning for their Captain, Witherspoon.—
The owners gather on the quarter deck
And one* declares: "It is no use, by Heck,

This poor old tub is nothing but a wreck,
And I'm for scuttling her—" "Abimelech!"
They cry; "a millstone round his craven neck,
And heave him overboard! Fit food for whales!"
But saner counsel in the end prevails,
And without further argument or fuss
They fell upon a choice unanimous—
And Sammy Smith, who'd been first mate, 'twas voted
Should to the higher office be promoted,
Then Sam'l Stanhope, seaman widely noted
For manners gentle, language sugar coated,
Stepped boldly forth: "Now, if you're done confabbin',
I'll move right over to the boss's cabin.
Here, boy, just stow away this mess o' dunnage—
I allus travels light, 'tain't much for tonnage!
Not mentionin' at all four years I passed,
From 'Sixty-four to Nine, afore the mast,
An' then three more when I was 'tutor' classed,
Six years now I been runnin' this here craft,
An' knows her every inch, both fore an' aft—
So I'll just set you gentlemen ashore,
Weigh anchor, an' get out to sea once more;
I hain't had forty fathom under keel
So long I'm dyin' tew see how t'will feel!
Ye needn't worry while *I'm* at the wheel!"

The Board, somewhat upset by this oration,

*A wholly imaginary personage, invented for purely fictional and ornamental purposes. The splendid reputation of Princeton's trustees obviates the apparent necessity of apology.

Which quite exceeded every expectation,
 Contrived to choke its righteous indignation,
 And, as by way of pleasant innovation,
 Announced, o'er a convivial collation,
 The Captain should receive remuneration
 In current coin of Uncle Sam's new nation—
 Colonial currency and proclamation
 (Whatever that is!) money, pounds and pence,
 Had been replaced by dollars and by cents—
 And where Americans had seen the face
 Of various Georges labelled, "by the grace
 Of God" as Britons' Rex, and Emperor
 Of colonies o'er sea, now each arch traitor
 Who, *vi et armis* or by foxy scheme,
 Corrals a dollar, hears the eagle scream—
 And dressed in tatters or in silk and satin
 He has at least enough of lore in Latin
 To pass the "pluribus" and "unum" test;
 "One out of many"? Here goes for the rest!"
 Right then it was began the merry scramble
 That marked the end of men's desire to gamble,
 For in the Dollar's train came High Finance,
 That bred the money kings who look askance
 At any proposition based on *chance*
 And think unless it is a mighty sure thing
 For them, it needs must be a mighty poor thing.
 E'en had old Prexy leaned to speculation,
 The Trustees made him safe against temptation;
 Perhaps it was to guard against this one dread
 They fixed the salary at *fifteen hundred!*

Now, turning to the "log" of Alexander,*
 Who, though in one sense he was an outlander,
 Is honored as our sister ship's commander
 (The schooner *Seminary*, honest freighter,
 Whereof the gen'rous Muse will discourse later)—
 We find (Commencement, Eighteen One) an entry
 That celebrates the leading PRINCETON gentry;
 First, there was stout Elias Boudinot,
Sans whom no Congress had a *status quo*;
 The soldier, statesman, jurist Colonel Bayard,
 Whom warriors loved and other folks admired;
 Two Jersey Governors of noble fame,

*Archibald, the First of the Seminoles.

Who gave to Paterson and Bloomfield name;
McWhorter and John Woodhull there were seen,
And other churchmen—foremost, Ashbel Green;
Then, Prexy Smith, whose elegance and dignity
Were equalled only by his calm benignity;
And John Maclean*, who, ventures Archibald,

Most liked of all our teachers may be called;
On easy terms with every branch of science,
'Twas Chemistry that had his best affiance—
Whereof, as all who love the truth acknowledge,
He held *the first chair in a U. S. college.*

The poet glories in his well won bays;
The warrior, worn and battered, gladly lays
The sword aside, in peace to end his days
And bask in sunshine of the public's praise;
The priest and statesman know how well it pays
To own a scar or two got in affrays
Polemic or political, that daze
The layman, standing at enraptured gaze;
We cannot help regarding with amaze
The blindness of a world that goes its ways,
Esteems the smoke and disregards the blaze,
Unkenning heroism's finest phase,
When in back-stage obscurity it plays,
And so we honor Belcher, Burr and those
Who blazed the trail; and ever brighter glows
The name of Witherspoon—each freshman knows
That when it came to routing PRINCETON's foes
He wasn't far behind the doughty Poes!
'Tis well—we cannot honor them too much—
And yet, though honest merit needs no crutch,
And we would not detract one jot or tittle
From worthy fame, it would be just a little
More pleasant if, in cutting up the melon
(The gods, when they endowed the Trojan Helen
With wealth of loveliness, had some left over
To put the Greek Cassandra too in clover),
We cut a juicy collop for the people
Who fly no flags from reputation's steeple
To keep them in the eye of the community—
Mayhap, had they had equal opportunity

*Father of our tenth President.

The solid structures they took pains in building
 Would not have lacked the more pretentious gilding
 That adds no useful qualities, the while
 It *does* bestow the subtle grace of *style*.
 We don't hear much of that six decade span
 Of Prexies Smith, and Green, and Carnahan;
 The college simply kept a steady pace,
 An even gait that might not win a race,
 Yet wouldn't leave the loser in disgrace!
 And they were *heroes of the commonplace*,
 The good that greater men than they had gained
 Their wise and faithful stewardship maintained;
 And some philosopher has keenly said it
 Is *keeping* that gives *getting* worth and credit,
 And *using* wisely crowns them both. All through
 This mediæval era PRINCETON grew
 More self sufficient, and more fair to view

III.

'Twas in the March of Eighteen Hundred Two,
 The sixth day of the month, the mad Fates threw
 The dice to settle whether they should "soak"
 Poor, harried PRINCETON once more for a joke,
 Or let it go a little while in peace—
 Ten minutes later, OLD NORTH burned like grease!
 Poor Prexy, looking on, quoth: "Iam satis
 Of nivis atque diræ grandinis
 Misit Pater, et dextera rubente
 Jaculatus arces—festina lente—
 Je suis ein bischen muddled in my mente—
 Puros amphekes bostruchos—on went he
 The classics quoting; Homer up to Henty.
 "Per Baccho," he exclaimed, "too much is plenty!"
 They saw the poor old man was off his head,
 So took him home and tucked him in his bed.

The Muse complains she wearies of our fustian
 In such a scene of ruin and combustion—
 But here's a mess requires a pen Sallustian
 To do it justice: NASSAU HALL a ruin,
Sans roof, *sans* floors, *sans* windows—just a few in
 To make the desolation more complete
 By contrast; scenes of sadness that repeat,
 With only one or two small details lacking,
 Such as a mob of burly Hessians stacking

Their muskets on the Campus—an occasion
Whereof Princetonians need no persuasion
To let the mem'ry lapse—at least, suffice:
It's *so* redundant to be burned up twice!
Yet there's this virtue in a conflagration,
It proves your powers of recuperation,
As when before a painful operation,
The thoughtful surgeon, knife in hand, assures you
That "here is where" he either kills or cures you.

Behold a hero from the ashes rise!
With fire of resolution in his eyes,
The gentle scholar, man of small affairs,
Less used to utt'ring orders than his prayers,
Lays down his wonted book, girds on the sword,
And sallies forth, a soldier of the Lord,
To levy tribute from each worldly hoard.
"What Heaven lent," quoth he, "shall be restored
To Heaven's work!" And bade the glum Trustees
To send throughout the country urgent pleas
That he would follow up with words like these—
We find we have mislaid the document
We planned to paraphrase for this event,
But this in general was its content:
It told (as we) the glories of NASSAU,
That ever stood for Learning, Faith and Law—
Religion, science, civil liberty,
A hypostatic-welded trinity
If such there ever was beneath the sun
Before our signboard era's 3 in 1;
And ended with the summons, we recall:
"If you have any decency at all
You'll tap the till for poor old NASSAU HALL!"

Well, Prexy proved so excellent a drummer—
His "line of talk" was verily a "hummer"—
That when he ended up his begging mission,
Which was a West and Southern expedition,
And sat him down and knitted up his brows and
Computed, forty—count 'em—forty thousand
Simoleons were found to be collected!
The Trustees could no longer be dejected,
The money greased the warp out of the Board,
And OLD NORTH in a jiffy was restored
To fit condition for the student horde.

In 'Six they graduated fifty-four,
And had in college thrice as many more,
Far better than they'd ever done before,
And new ones getting ready by the score—
Too bad there was no TIGER then to roar!

IV.

Now, sing the discontents of Eighteen Seven!
What's hell for profs, for Simple Studes is heaven—
And yet, it was the students that got burned!
The cause immediate cannot be learned,
But from the records clearly it's discerned
That trouble had been brewing quite a while.
The college system had got full of bile,
And when the youngster in the house is bilious,
Floorwalking's on the cards for P. Familias;
Unless the cure is early gone about,
There's pretty sure to be a "breaking out."
Alas, alas! And must it ever be
While patients suffer doctors disagree?
Doc Smith, who's more of nurse than of physician,
But wears his heart in just the right position
To help his head detects the bad condition
His youthful charge is in; and calm reflection
Upon the various methods of correction
Convinces him the symptoms indicate
A dose of calomel, and then to wait
While nature takes her course—a gentle purging
To thin the blood and check its hot insurging.

Just then there comes a knocking at the door,
And enters one who with a mighty roar
Announces, quite as grandly as you please:
"I'm from the Board of Health—that is, Trustees!
You see this badge?"—"My eyes are good, Inspector!"—
"Don't you get fresh with me, old cove! By Hec-tor,
I'm getting weary of such diagnoses,
And fooling 'round with your old fashioned doses!
That kid—" —"Confound you, sir, this is outrageous"—
"That kid looks like his trouble was contagious"—
"It's nothing of the sort! What do you mean, sir,
By—" —"Nothing but a spell of quarantine, sir!
We'll take the kid and care for him with pleasure"—
"You shall not have my darling—little treasure!"
In short, there was a conflict of authority,

And Prexy was a powerless minority;
The Trustees, having numbers, were in fair way,
As numbers always are, to have it their way;
But while the sad nurse wept upon the stairway
And just as they were sitting back serene
Upon their hollow victory to preen,
And kindling each his favorite *flor fina*,
The *deus* popped right out of his *machina*!
Some crafty undergraduate *Catilina**

The balance of whose intellectual ballast
Had been disturbed by reading too much Sallust
Resolved *he'd* not be trampled in the dust,
But make his watchword "Liberty, or bust!"
He organized a band of kindred spirits,
And thus exhorted them: "Now, look-a-here—it's
Disgraceful and ridiculous for us,
Whose fathers fought for freedom, to be thus
Deprived of all the pleasures of existence
Without a word or action of resistance!
There must be something wrong with our psychology,
To answer insults with—a loud doxology!
Excuse me, gentlemen, if I should seem
In words so Presbyterian to blaspheme,
You know the provocation is extreme!
Shall Liberty for us be but a dream,
A hypnogogical ephemerality,
Articulate inconsequentiality,
Obfuscatory transmogrification,
Extravaganza of hallucination,
Approximating unattainability,
Magnificent exemplar of futility?"
Hæc ubi dixit, they applauded long
And loud, which seemed to make him doubly strong
As he harangued the swiftly kindling throng;
He bade them, with Bozzaris' vocal fire,
Talk till they saw the last armed foe expire—
Like Spartacus before his gladiators,
He warned them of the fate prepared for traitors,
And bade each one be like a little moon,

*"Nobili genere natus fuit magna vi animi et corporis, sed ingenio malo pravoque, Huic ab adulescentia bella intestina, cædes, rapinæ, discordia civilis grata fuere. Animus audax, subdolus, varius."—C. Sallusti Crispi "*Catilina*."

Reflecting rays of light from Witherspoon:
"All those," he cried, "who would submit to tyranny,
Say 'aye'"—dead silence—"I don't seem to hear any!
The vote's unanimous. Now, let's get busy,
And frame up something that 'll make 'em dizzy!"

At length, when they'd completed all decisions,
They stocked OLD NORTH with muchness of provisions,
Blocked up the windows, barred the doors and hurled
Defiance at the Profs and all the world
So lustily it seemed that human tonsils
Could not survive the test unsplit. Two Consuls
Presided o'er a Roman State in little
That varied from its pattern not a tittle,
With Conscript Fathers and the whole machinery—
An odd effect, when set in Jersey scenery!
Alas! 'Twas ever thus! No State erected
By human hands was ever so perfected
(No matter how defended and protected
From foes without) as to be quite immune
To dissolution by the picayune
Dissensions that disrupt the nervous garrison;
Between the two there is no just comparison.
In this case each beleaguered PRINCETON Roman
Who would not yield to professorial foeman
And undismayed could view the front of famine,
So long as there remained one can of salmon,
Would lose his head when some one muttered "Gammon"
In comment on his words of light and cheer,
Or disobeyed his orders with a jeer—
When no one wants to row, but all to steer,
The chance for any to do either's slim,
And all aboard are likelier to swim!
It may have been a case of frosted feet,
It may have been a keen desire to eat,
It may have been because of jealousy—
It may have been a union of the three;
But whether it was one, or all combined,
Their strong defence at last was undermined,
And marching forth, the picture of dejection,
Beneath the yoke, with painful genuflection
They crooked the pregnant hinges of their knees
Before the Faculty and the Trustees.
Alas! How fallen from their high estate,
How unlike all they'd hope to celebrate!

The Trustees promptly half the school suspended,
And thus the Great Re—bel—li—on was ended.

V.

About this time it will surprise you, maybe,
To learn that Alma Mater—had a baby!
The subject's rather delicate to handle,
For while the ladies dearly love to dandle
A chubby, rosy, cooing infant, they
Will blush and bridle if you chance to say
The simplest thing in reference to the way
That every single one of us is hurled
Into the maelstrom of this crazy world—
How silly to make such a feckless mystery
Of Chapter I. in every human's history—
It's difficult to bear with a society
That formulates in terms of such dubiety
Its definition of that pest, propriety!—
The baby's papa, so we're told, was Piety,
The perfect mate of Learning; but the truth
Is that the maid had flirted with a youth
(As once Archytas with those waves Illyrian
That made his ending tragic, quite Shakespearian),
With ardor something more than Presbyterian;
His name was General Assembly, and
The title may have won her heart and hand,
The gentler sex has always been notorious
For—but we do not wish to seem censorious.
At any rate, whatever 'twas that caught her,
Our Alma Mater had a little daughter—
A lovely lass; and yet, we never thought her
"More lovely than her lovely mother."—*She*
Our first love was, and our last love shall be.
The daughter was, we should explain to all,
Miss Seminary Theological.

The Wheel of Time rolls on 'mid changing scene,
And Smith is gone, and Doctor Ashbel Green
Is at the helm of NASSAU's speed machine,
Keyed up for pace and full of gasolene—
Not Ashbel, but the storage tank we mean.
As chauffeur he's a little nervous, though,
And not quite sure how fast he ought to go—
Though *pretty* sure he'd better take it slow
At first, and get acquainted with the car—

You know what tricky things gas wagons are,
And riding staidly in a parson's chaise
You don't learn much about their pesky ways.
He had to keep one eye upon the road,
And one upon his lively student load;
He'd things to watch too numerous to mention,
And couldn't give to any full attention,
For if upon the road he kept his mind,
The passengers would raise a row behind,
And if he looked around, the car, bewitched,
Would try to climb a tree or else get ditched;
And every time she gave a sudden lurch,
The doctor wished that he was back in church,
Conducting peacefully the Sabbath service—
This work would make a man of marble nervous.

One mile post and another glided by,
And Ashbel from the corner of his eye
Observed with pleasure that the last one bore
The legend numeral One-Eight-One-Four,
When—suddenly there came a blinding crash,
Close followed by a most terrific crash,
As if the universe had gone to smash,
And turned the expedition into hash.
“*Great God!*—We thank Thee for our blessings,” Ash-
Bel Green exclaimed; “I guess I have been dreaming!”
And with his reverend coat tails wildly streaming
Upon the frosty breeze—it was a night
In January—ran with all his might
To NASSAU HALL—’twas just across the way,
For what was called the Dean’s house in *our* day,
Was then and had been from the first the President’s,
And was until MacCosh took up his residence
In Prospect and in Eighteen Seventy-Nine—
And viewed a scene—well, not at all divine;
Resembling to the very smallest detail
The place whereof old Dante used to retail
Such realistic anecdotes you’d swear
He must have known his way around down there—
’Twas in the room next to the Hall of Prayer,
And brimstone odors reeked upon the air.
If Guy Fawkes could have seen the place, he’d not
Have been so stuck on *his* Gunpowder Plot!
To match the theme our feeble verses fail,
Let sober, quoted praise conclude the tale;

"The President acted with so much vigor and judgment in discovering and punishing the perpetrators that he had no serious trouble afterward."*

To scenes of strife the Muse is getting partial,
So while the battle din resounds afar shall
We spare the space for one more chapter martial;
Did PRINCETON's youngsters on the peace flags trample,
Their elders had not set a good example!
In 'Fourteen Scott, the hero of that age,
Was present at Commencement, on the stage
A battered son of wars come home for patching,
Who little dreamed what he would there be catching,
But able to sit up and sip his Steero.
The boys of course were wild to see the hero,
While he, no doubt, who'd had enough of battle,
Enjoyed their youthful interest and prattle—
Until the lad who spoke the valedictory
Made reference to Winfield's recent victory
And, turning to the blushing hero halted
His Hall made eloquence, and in exalted
And flaming diction, passionate and Pyrrhic,
Bombarded him with praises panegyric—
Quoth Winfield: "Rather twenty Lundy's Lanes
Than one such charge as Mr. McIlvaine's!"‡

VI.

As when a stream that stems from limpid fountain
In craggy fastnesses of some far mountain
Flows forth and, pulsing with ecstatic thrill,
Embarks upon its quest to help to fill
The saline vastitude of that big bowl
Wherein th' illimitable oceans roll—
"The unplumbed, salt, estranging" seas—it creeps
Through forest shades like stalking beast, then leaps
With flash and fury into space—then sleeps
In darkly glooming and mysterious deeps

*The "Big Cracker" was made from the hub of an old wagon wheel, loaded with powder. Its explosion cracked the walls, knocked out most of the windows in Old North, and drove a piece of the infernal machine itself through the door of the Prayer Hall.

‡Bloomfield McIlvaine, Princeton, '14; A. M., 1818. Died, 1826.

Before the final march of its full tide
In stately measure where the great ships ride:
So is our narrative diversified.
It's fun to shoot the rapids, and to guide
Your birchen bark through labyrinthine channels
Where any slip may ruin your best flannels;
And yet at times it's pleasanter to steer
Your craft into some open, placid mere
And know that rocks and snags are nowhere near,
And you can drift without a thing to fear.
So now Calliope, who's conned our course
(Her seamanship we trust you will endorse)
Lolls idly in our leisurely canoe,
With nothing in particular to do;
In Eighteen-fifteen, after all this Stygian
Upheaval, PRINCETON COLLEGE "got religion."

Of course OLD NASSAU always *was* religious,
Her faith and works were equally prodigious;
But latterly her zeal had fallen off,
And students had been even heard to scoff
At sacred things—who thought it fine to drench
Themselves in sophistry and morals French—
Perhaps too much had made their palates dull.
At any rate, there came a welcome lull,
And "like the silent dew of heaven," wrote
Our good friend Ashbel, whom we love to quote,
"The influence divine descended." Note
How great a change may swiftly come to pass;
The heaven spread through all the student mass,
Until where late was striving and commotion,
Each student heart's a temple of devotion—
Instead of plotting mischief on the stairs,
The Soph keeps to his room and says his prayers,
While from the other side of town came flocking
A horde of Seminoles, who, softly knocking
At OLD NORTH doors went in to see their neighbors,
And never rested from their pious labors,
Till two score objects of their hot exertion
'Gave favorable witness of conversion!"

Ah, those were "halcyon" days for Freshmen, who
Could sally forth without a ton or two
Of snowballs trickling down into each shoe;
And those were "halcyon" days in dining hall,

When grub stayed on the table, not the wall;
And those were "halycon" days upon the Campus
(To find a rhyme for that, with sense, would cramp us,
For what have halcyon days to do with "grampus,"
And we've already rung in Boss Melampus!)—
When you could leave your wheel* outside the entry

And know it would be safe without a sentry;
And those were "halcyon" days for the professors,
Who for the nonce became father confessors,
And picked up pointers that in time of need
Were useful: those were HALCYON days indeed!

Of colleges as nations, that one's blessed
That gives the driven chronicler a rest;
When life serenely runs in well worn channels,
There's lack of spice and color in its annals,
And histories have "go" when they record
An era given up to fire and sword;
Although we pity lands that lie a-bleeding,
They really make most entertaining reading.
The closing years of Green's administration
Until he handed in his resignation
(In 'Twenty-two) were peaceful and constructive,
Of students and financial strength productive.
No more in middle watches of the night
Were proctors rudely roused and made to fight;
No more within the bonfire's baleful glare
Insurgent demons dance and shout and swear;
The brick paved corridors of NORTH no more
Resound with cannon balls rolled on the floor—
The dove of peace returns to Academe,
And hovers o'er its crystal flowing stream
Beside whose waters, recently all muddy,
The sated trouble makers rest and study.
Rekindled, trimmed and filled, the Lamp of Learning
With lambent ardor as of old is burning,
And NASSAU's friends, with confidence restored,
Once more dip deep into the treasure hoard;
And so we come, with everything serene,
To write our "Finis" to the reign of Green.

VII.

Green gone, the Trustees labored to entice

*Model of 1815.

A well known Southron; Dr. John H. Rice,
To be their hired man; and patiently
They waited till, March 14, 'Twenty-three
(Meanwhile Professor Lindsley was elected
Vice-President, and told he'd be expected
To run the ranch until the new boss came),
Doc wrote: "Dear Mistress NASSAU—lovely name!—
Your note of recent date has come to hand,
But though to me your wish is a command,
I must decline your gracious invitation,
Vouchsafing just a word in explanation:
Although on hearing it you'll 'wish me fu'ther,'
I must confess the truth—*I love another*.*"

"That day" she "read no more"; we've all been warned
"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,"
And having made advances thus it shocked her
To be turned down by the ungallant doctor.
And then she thought of Lindsley, whom she'd treated
A wee bit shabbily herself and seated
A little lower than the angels, but
Enough above the common herd to jut
Into the dim lit intermediate stratum
Wherein (please note this sociologic datum,
Injected as a parenthetic breather)
You get the bad of each, the good of neither;
But Philip didn't care for love warmed over,
And into something of a rage he drove her
By frankly saying so. "You horrid man,"
She cried—and wooed the Rev. Carnahan.
He yielded to her blandishments, and soon
Was perched upon the chair of Witherspoon.

Alas, how often ere the honeymoon
Is over, sweet bells jangle out of tune!
And once penned up in wedlock's barbwire fences
Full many a man (too late) comes to his senses,
And finds the wires are barbed with false pretenses!
The matrimonial 'chase leads over ditches
(When Madame lays aside her boughten switches)
And obstacles to shake the stoutest heart
(When she her wondrous toilette takes apart,
Revealing Nature's heavy debt to Art);

*Dr. Rice devoted himself to work in the South, and later occupied
the chair of systematic theology in Hampden-Sidney College.

It was not long ere our new benedict
 Began to think he had been meanly tricked.
 He found his lady 'neath her rouge anæmic—
 To put the case in diction academic,
 The studes were few—there were not more than eighty;
 The income small—the funds were far from weighty,
 And ere he'd been there any time at all
 Poor Prexy wished he'd never had the call,
 Or hadn't been an easy mark, to fall
 For it; and would have quit, beyond a doubt,
 If young Professor John Maclean, devout
 Princetonian, an eager soul, had not
 Said: "Dr. Carnahan, I tell you what!
 If you go back on us, we're in for trouble—
 It's heavy hauling: Why not hitch up double?
 Let's cut the work in half, and multiply
 Results—no mathematics is so 'high'
 As that of friendship! They were mighty nervy
 To come at you with such a lowdown, scurvy,
 Unchristian proposition! Take a brace—
 Remember what we owe this dear old place.*

And let us do our best to bring upon her
 Full meed of glory, fend off all dishonor—
 Let's show 'em what the PRINCETON SPIRIT is,
 Peel off our coats, and get right down to biz!"
 "By Jove," says Prexy; "furthermore, Gee Whizz!
 You've got the right idea, son—you're talking
 Good Democratic politics! No balking
 For me henceforth: and I'm a feeble guesser
 If you shall not in time be my successor!"

They did not wait upon the lagging dollars,
 But set about recruiting able scholars;
 The customary order was reversed,
 For in the common case the coin comes first.
 But these two clever Js, our James and John,
 Were bigger than the laws of Pol. Econ.—
 Or else they had a special, private brand,
 Whereby they made supply create demand.
 Well, Captain Carnahan, salt soaked and tanned,
 With (glasses on his nose and) glass in hand,
 Upon the bridge took up his proper stand,

*Both were graduates; Carnahan of '00, Maclean of '16.

And carefully the whole horizon scanned.
 So now behold the good ship NASSAU manned
 (And johnmacleaned and jimmycarnahanned)
 With master navigators, such a band
 As never sailed the seas before nor since—
 A learned lot, and every one a prince
 Of his profession—with three Alexanders
 (This story may be duller than "Moll Flanders,"
 And yet me must remind our reprimanders
 True History to Romance never panders—
 We cannot help it, though we're offle sorry)—
 And there was Albert Dod, and Hart and Torrey,
 With Halsey, Patton, Vethake, Howell, Giger,
 And Hargous, Jaeger, Hope—and that great Tiger
 (We trust that's not irreverent locution
 For him who nursed the Smithson institution)
 Who had to leave his humble college station
 In answer to a summons from the nation.*

Hail, HENRY! They who wondered little guessed
 What secrets those thin threads of wire should wrest
 From nature's strongbox—how that strange appliance
 Should open wondrous ways to Art and Science.
 But most as PRINCETON men we love to dwell
 On him, heroic, when 'twas planned to sell
 The fruitage of that noble gift, and barter
 Its spirit-treasures: never Christian martyr
 Confronted with so noble mien defiant
 The leaping beasts as he the "Little Giant"—
 'Twas Henry's wit and iron resolution
 That saved the spirit of the Institution
 From base, materialistic prostitution.

Our narrative is somewhat too discursory;
 If PRINCETON had been formerly a nursery
 For patriots, so now for liberal arts
 And sciences—and brave and loyal hearts

*"With extreme reluctance he departed from Princeton, called by his country to lay down the arms with which as a soldier in the ranks he had been waging his warfare against ignorance, and take command of the intellectual forces to be summoned and organized by him in the same glorious cause."—Edward N. Dickerson, "Joseph Henry and the Magnetic Telegraph," an address delivered at Princeton, June 16, 1885.

Served her as well, and brought her equal fame
 With those forerunners of illustrious name.
 Where Witherspoon and Burr had cast the seed,
 They reaped a harvest wonderful indeed—
 For half of those who taught in NASSAU HALL
 Were sons of hers who heard her rally call.
 In 'Forty-One, 'tis timely to record,
 Firm planted in the sacred campus sward,
 The PRINCETON CANNON took its honored place,
 Immortal emblem of a hardy race.

VIII.

Now, Muse, attune thy harp to sterner strains,
 Let martial ardor fire thy swelling veins—
 Too long through peaceful scenes our course has run:
 Sing us the Barring Out of 'Fifty-One!

'Tis April, and a quiet vernal day,
 Not such as seemeth fitting for the fray;
 The Faculty, assembled for a lecture—
 The topic of it we can but conjecture,
 Perhaps 'twas math perhaps 'twas architecture;
 'Tis not on record, so you can select your
 Own favorite—was safely occupied,
 The proctors drowsed; when from a window wide
 Flung open in a room of NASSAU HALL
 Came forth a strange, resounding battle call,
 Far carrying as that historic bawl
 Of Grecian herald 'neath the Trojan wall
 (Consult the Iliad and Juvenal)—
 And from this preconcerted cyclone centre,
 With spreading force that would have made old Stentor
 Tear hair and swear in envy of its ventor,
 (And eke in pure Hellenical profanity,
 The one effective balm for injured vanity).
 Tell, Muse, the words that issued from his lips!
 A cabalistic, thrice repeated "CHIPS."
 He must have been an uptodatish joker,
 For those were prehistoric times in poker.

Now as the raucous the horrendous sound
 O'er all the quiet Campus echoes 'round,
 The elmed quadrangle, silent just before,
 Resounds with all the horrid din of war.
 Forth from a nearbystanding lumber yard
 Stout beams are borne by raiders under guard;

Swiftly are doors and windows stoutly barred—
Sudden as Aphrodite, lovely maid,
Leaped into life, up goes the barricade.
Now from the belfry tower of OLD NORTH
Defiant issues brazen clamor forth;
While these 'ns eager handed ring the bell,
Those man the inways, boarders to repel.

Now, too presumptuous youths, ye well may tremble!
Behold the august forces that assemble,
Of proctor, tutor and professor sage,
Each academic bosom hot with rage,
Each lofty brow its mask of calm benignity
Cast off, in witness of offended dignity.
"The tumult and the shouting dies." Without,
The hosts besieging hesitate in doubt;
Within, the hosts beleaguered breathless wait
And on the chance of battle speculate.
Meanwhile, from all the neighborhood about,
With eager question and excited shout,
The townsmen one and all come flocking out,
Expecting from the clamor rising higher
To see the ancient college all on fire,
Or hear of some catastrophe most dire;
They come, converging on the college green,
For PRINCETON's townfolk ever have been keen,
Good souls, to see whatever could be seen.

And now the learned dons in hot debate,
With words not lacking either heat or weight,
And quite unlike their usual sedate
And academical deliberation
Are arguing the novel situation.
A. counsels prudence as the better part,
B. thinks delay but gives the rascals heart.
Another says, "There's not the slightest doubt
The wisest way would be to starve 'em out!"
One would the graceless miscreants expel,
Though *how* to do it he declines to tell;
And one would instant storm the citadel.
The older men would seek relief in prayer,
The younger ones are tempted sore to swear.
Now in the midst of all this futile bicker,
Some gaping yokel in the crowd must snicker—
The townsmen had been drawing nigh and nigher—

And rouse the latent but impressive ire,
Tantænæ iræ; angry humors dwell
In bosoms academic, truth to tell.

But hold! Just as they gather for the rush,
On all the vast assembly falls a hush!
Each step is halted, every eye directed
At something simultaneously detected
And, to put it mildly, quite unexpected.
Forth from a window on the upper floor—
For quite impassable is every door—
Comes, dangling at a slender cable's end,
A human body—now may heaven send
Those profs its aid! They recognize a friend,
And when the body rests upon the ground,
With great anxiety they gather 'round
The prostrate form. But, though confused of head,
Their hapless colleague still is far from dead.
Without a word he struggles to his feet,
Choked up with wrath, and white as winding sheet:
"By all the gods of war," he cries, "I swear.
The implements Durnerian* shall ne'er

From this caput abscise a single hair
Till those young scamps are routed out o' there!"
And then he told how, hearing one young hellion
Inform another of the planned rebellion,
Within the hall he'd taken secret station
And witnessed every act of preparation;
How, when in manner calm, but phrases terse
He bade the rebels to their rooms disperse,
They laughed his high authority to scorn,
Though one, in Middle Ages better born,
Declared it would be jolly fun to boil
His worthless carcass in a vat of oil.
At length, unable better to devise,
They hit upon a happy compromise;
The rebels gave up all idea of mayhem,
On promise that he never would betray 'em;
Where to he gave his solemn bond and pledge,
And then was lowered o'er a window's edge,
As hath been told.—He ended his narration,
And all his auditors with indignation

*This "ad" is a free gift to those ancient and honorable craftsmen,
the Durners, of Nassau street.

Declared they would avenge this bold affront,
Or die in trying to perform the stunt.

IX.

And now with reckless valor the assaulters,
Who would not stop for half a score Gibraltars,
Rush headlong at the well defended fort,
Whose garrison is eager for the sport;
And flaming in the battle's very van
Is one who seemeth more than mortal man—
A relic of some ancient fighting clan.
Who chanted Latin verses as he ran:
The Simple Studes retort in Anglo-Saxon
That would delight the heart of Stockton Axson.

And now the red foamed battle billow breaks,
And now OLD NORTH on its foundation quakes;
And stones and curses hurtle through the air,
And clubs and fists are busy everywhere,
Descending quite impartially on pates
Of learned profs and undergraduates;
And now extinguished is the lantern's spark,
And still the conflict rages in the dark,
With flash of giant crackers and with shriek
And groans of wounded warriors who seek
Oblivion of pain for every sore
By harrowing the foe with twenty more.

Not one of them who thinks to run away,
That he may "live to fight another day"—
But Soph and Prof. both hunger for the fray.
"Fugacissimi, ideoque tam,"
The Roman cries, "diu superstites—DAMN!"
And plunges headlong in the thickest jam.
The while the battle rages dread and dour
High overhead within the belfry tower
The tortured bell with meterless cacophonies
Is rivalling the lines of Aristophanes.

And now while up the well defended stairway
The dauntless stormers struggle to make their way,
With blows and buffets, through a narrow fairway,
Thanks to the labors of a crafty scout
The garrison gets comfort from without—
Supplies of water and of whiskey sent
By those who gladly such assistance lent,

Themselves excluded from the fray, content
 If they may only serve by proxy. *Mem.*;
 They heat the water, and the whiskey them.
 The H₂O upon the foes' heads thrown,
 The spiritus frumenti warmed their own.
 Th' assailants pause—the odds are too unequal;
 They waver—halt—retreat. And now, the sequel:
 The hours flew by apace until that gray
 And chilly one that's neither night nor day,
 When even Gotham's famous Great White Way
 Is slacking up (so those who know it say—
 We don't, ourselves); the hour that heralds dawn
 And from the upper windows faces drawn
 And anxious, peeping out, behold the lawn
 Where once the Hessians camped, all thickly strewn
 With proctors swearing softly at the moon;
 And now along the old hall's shady side
 With cautious care are windows open pried,
 And down the dangling ropes dark figures glide,
 Then rush for refuge into East and West.
 Meanwhile within the leaguered hall the rest
 Remove the barrier at the door and rally,
 A sorry crowd, to make one final sally—
 A few were caught, but most they got away.
 Thus ends the story of that glorious day—
 Except, by way of supplement postscriptum,
 The Faculty took one or two and shipped 'em
 To wider spheres of usefulness, with hope
 Their social talents might have freer scope;
 It seems the youthful rascals' sheer audacity
 (To make an end of our condemned loquacity)
 Had paralyzed their punitive capacity.

X.

Beyond our study windows as we sit
 O'erspreading paper acres with our writ,
 A sylvan panorama is displayed,
 With alternating vistas, light and shade—
 Wherein, a parable of life discerning,
 We watch the sapling youthfully upyearning;
 His elder brothers in their forest pride,
 Sky scaling monarchs of the woodland wide—
 And here a bare boughed veteran is spied,
 Who, breasting sturdily the seasons' tide,
 The gales of untold winters has defied,

And now approaches fast the Great Divide—
 Nearby, a hero fallen where he died.— —
 You wonder how this comes into the story?
 It's not a *very* cryptic allegory!
 We're thinking of those fine old fellows who—
 As youngsters in the Roaring Forties knew
 Sir Carnahan—to-day, alas, how few!
 When next reunion season comes around
 And PRINCETON's sons from everywhere are bound
 To visit their old foster mother—say,
 What better fitting honor could we pay
 To PRINCETON of the past than give a day
 To them? A "Carnahan reunion" would
 Put those old timers ten years to the good!
 Let's get 'em out and put 'em at the head
 Of the Commencement Peerade; surely, led
 By such an Old Guard of the Oldest Boys,
 'Twould be the very Best and Biggest Noise
 That ever passed the gate of Osborne Field—
 And then (the selfish motive stands revealed)
 Just think what yarns of PRINCETON's past they'd yield!

Quoth Prexy Jim, one day in 'Fifty-three,
 "Now 'come into the garden,' Mac, with me,
 And tell me what you think about my tree—
 It doesn't thrive as I would wish; you see,
 Though rooted in rich Presbyterian soil,
 And cared for quite according unto Hoyle,
 It doesn't—what? Those scars upon the bark?
 Well, really, just a superficial mark—
 We tried to do some grafting in the dark,
 With cuttings from the sister plants of knowledge
 (Of Medicine and Law); but genus College—"—— —
 "Why, Doctor, you can never make that tree
 Bear fruitage as a uni-ver-si-tee,
 And my advice is simply: Let it be!
 It's strong and healthy, growing nicely, too;
 I'd let it go its gait, if I were you!
 Just keep the soil stirred up about its roots,
 They'll send the warm sap coursing through its shoots—
 And give it air and sunlight in full measure,
 To load the boughs with mellow, ripened treasure.
 Don't force it, but let Art and Nature both
 Contribute to the miracle of growth.
 The finest bearing of the campus tree

Is not the high professional degree,
But just the good old fashioned one, A. B.
Say; just let *me* take charge of it—you'll see!"
When Carnahan sent in his resignation,
Maclean became the boss of NASSAU's nation.

XI.

About to launch into another canto,
We're halted by mine Muses in a chant: "Oh,
You far outdo the horrors of Otranto!"
Who then, without a glance of pity my way,
Set out with mocking laughter on the **highway**—
Or rather, as they took the air route, flyway—
To ancient Greece. —So, now the Muse is flown,
We'll have to make our final sprint alone.

In 'Fifty-five, lest Prexy think life tame,
His "baphometric fire baptism" came,
And once again OLD NORTH was tried by flame;
The blaze might kindle us to oratory
(Of sorts) if it were not a thrice told story—
So e'en the wonders of Aurora Bore-
Alis fall on those, dwellers 'neath the Pole,
Who never have to pay admittance toll
To see its panoramic film unroll
With glories that intoxicate the soul
(Though unconnected with the flowing bowl).
They simply said: "I hear OLD NORTH's ablaze,"
As who would say: "'Twill rain ere many days,"
And unexcited went their wonted ways.

The way that history repeats is funny;
In early PRINCETON it was fire and money
And student revolutions—such a trinity
(Or, to avoid the lingo of divinity,
For which we have the most perverse affinity,
Say: what a paradoxical concinnity)
To tax the presidential masculinity
With labors fit for "Iron Man" McGinnity!
But this is bordering on asininity—
No blaze could more compare with "Johnny's" ardor
Than birch canoe with latest launched Cunarder;
And when it came to the Appeal to Pocket,
He fitted like a candle in its socket—
With all the witching art of that old villyun,

Pied Piper, lured the dollars in cotillon
Until he had corralled near half a million;*

And finally, his record to enhance,
No base rebellion ever got a chance
To sprout while "Johnny," keeper of the peace,
Was on the job; he loved to play police,
And prowled about the Campus in the night—
They say he was a most amazing sight,
Seen by his own dark lantern's fitful light—
In beaver hat, and cloak, and huge goloshes,
Ejaculating pious Boshes and By Goshes;
And this was not his only oddish way—
He used to call upon the boys by day,
And cure their souls, give good advice, and pray.

Who "takes his pen in hand" to write of things
Contemporaneous may soar with wings
Unfettered, boldly claiming full dominion
O'er his own staked out corner of opinion;
And he who flies his literary falcon
With any sort of huntsman's craft at all can
Select a subject so far in the past
Whereat to make his literary cast
That he need bother with no other fitness
Than that of art, and fear no living witness
To rise up, like poor Banquo's hoary wraith,
And charge the author with a breach of faith—
But he of all the scribbling clan needs pity
Whose work, though it were wise at once and witty,
Yet, dealing with events whereof there linger
Some actors, keen to point th' accusing finger,
And say: "This wretch takes liberties with history!
Why, I was there myself, and"— It's a mystery
How many "sole authentic" versions rise
To prove the printed one a web of lies;
As many truths of history there be
As of survivors—and no two agree.
We hate the Brotherhood of Ananias,
Our aim is pure, and high as Mt. Elias,
Quite free from prejudice and conscious bias;
So, rounding up Maclean's administration,
We beg forbearance of the congregation:

*Despite the panic and "hard times" of '57.

We pray you, don't be finicky or techy
If in our closing lines we're somewhat sketchy.

The college flourished mightily and grew
More deeply rooted, and more fair to view.
'Twas constantly acquiring something new,
To make "traditions" for our later crew,
Whereof the following are just a few:
In 'Fifty-nine an undergraduate editor
Determined to be Alma Mater's creditor,
And put the songs of PRINCETON in a book;
But when for matter he began to look,
And ran the Campus carols down to earth,
He found of native songs an utter dearth,
And naught but alien melodies to edit—
The fount of song was barren, so he fed it
(As one pours pails of water down a pump
To start the stream forthflowing with a jump).
Says he, with rather comical severity
"You fellers aren't square dealing with prosterity!
Our sons, when they begin to come along,
Will surely think that there was something wrong
With us if we bequeath to them no song.
Tune every harp and every PRINCETON voice,
He urged; *let them with one accord rejoice*
In praise of their old dads"—"Hi! That's the dope,"
A freshman cried; "you'll pardon me; I hope,
For butting in, but"—Scribbling on his cuff,
He read the words of OLD NASSAU."—"Hot stuff,"
They cried, and cheered the freshman with a vim—
And thus was born old PRINCETON's battle hymn.*

*"Songs of Old Nassau," 1859, was edited by Andrew J. Hetrick, '60. "Old Nassau," by H. P. Peck, '62, with the noble air by Carl Langlotz, teacher of German from '57 to '69, is at page 18. Songs were contributed by studes, grads and profs. A Latin jingle "adapted to Nassau Hall," "in Doodle Yankee cantandum," signed G. M. G., '41, is evidently from the pen of George Musgrave Giger, professor of Latin from '54 to '65. There is a "Cannon Song," a parody of "Excelsior" by Henry C. Alexander, '54; "The Horn That Once Through Nassau's Halls," by the same parodist; "The College Bell," by the author of "Old Nassau," and a number of glees and catches celebrating the college life of the time and the glories of earlier days. The compositions have not always the literary, formal excellence of modern day student work, but they have an air of spontaneity and sincerity, youth and fire. Other musical achievements of the time were the adoption of the cheer, about '60, and the inauguration of Senior Singing in '65.

XII.

An April day in PRINCETON—you who read
 (If any have survived so far) will need
 No prompting of the memory; the phrase,
 Untrimmed, gives second life to golden days
 Of your fled youth as down the vista'd ways
 Of recollection longingly you gaze:
 The soft, the vernal airs; the silver haze
 O'er yonder valley, light as fairy's wing,
 A curtain soon to rise, disclosing Spring,
 A laughing nymph, about to venture forth
 And drive back to his cold cave in the North
 The latest ling'ring churl of Winter, while
 Beneath her waving wand the waters smile,
 The banners of the Brown host quit the scene,
 Before th' advancing army of the Green;
 When Winter (warder of the hills is he,
 Who claims with windy fanfare empery
 And sends his minions forth with lock and key
 To bind the fallow fields, with eery glee,
 Clog up the busy town's machinery,
 To make all fast, seal up the gelid rills,
 The frozen boles that no sap, rising, thrills,
 And wreak upon a weary world their wills)—
 When Winter finds his rough wrought gyves are frail,
 And there has come a time of breaking gaol
 When streams leap forth and fields drink in the sun,
 And laughing down the woodland road comes one
 With glad deliverance for the captive earth,
 And Spring fills Winter's hemlock cup with mirth.
 And though you trace this big globe's plumpest girth,
 You'll find no spot where Spring shows rarer beauty
 Or carols notes more silver clear and fluty
 Than here in Jersey—and in Jersey's chart
 It's PRINCETON that lies nearest to her heart,
 Whereto she doth her sweetest joys impart.

Well, then—an April day in PRINCETON 'twas,
 And 'round the campus with excited buzz
 The stirring news was passed from mouth to mouth:
 "To chapel, all! Some message from the South—
 They say the war's begun, and Johnny's going
 To tell us how the PRINCETON wind is blowing!"
 The old man's heart was wrung by cross-emotions,
 And torn between two passionate devotions:

He loved his lads, and loved his country well,
Nor grudged the sacrifice to shot and shell;
But just suppose the case of some poor mother
Called on to send one son to fight his brother!
And that was Prexy's case, in less degree,
For of the PRINCETON students one in three
Was Southern born, and filial; and he
Stood in parentis loco not to two
Or three, but to as many hundred, who
Must answer to the urging of hot youth
And take the field to fight and die for truth;
Truth double faced, the fatal invitation
That lures mankind to futile immolation—
An ikon floating on a ghastly flood
Of ungrudged but how sadly wasted blood;
Men fight for truth, men die for truth—and then
True truth unmask, while false "truth" leers at men.

An April day in PRINCETON—and without,
The vernal harbingers in merry rout
Rejoice; within—within the house of prayer
The dread word "war" enforms the vibrant air
And strikes with chill impact each youthful heart—
No shame to manhood that the hot tears start
In eyes where friendship dwells—the stabbing dart
Of hallowed grief released them, and the smart
Of rudely riven bonds. With gentle art
Their good old foster father played his part;
The college, failing reconciliation,
Must take its stand for union, for the nation;
The boys who came from the seceding section
Would never suffer in his fond affection—
And North and South, he bade them ever deem
The PRINCETON bond of fellowship supreme—
With honest tears that needed no repressing,—
Enough of scenes so solemn and distressing!
The men of PRINCETON, ever at the front,
Went off to war, and did their little stunt
(We shan't ring in a word about "the brunt"
For though their share of suffering they bore,
In that they simply matched a million more,
For there were only heroes in that war);
And some came back to PRINCETON for degrees,
And some still sleep beneath the Southern trees—

And on the campus, side by side, to-day
The sons of North and Southland work and play.*

*From "Princeton Old and New," by James W. Alexander: "In the autograph books which were circulated in 1861 nearly all the Southern boys added to their addresses the ominous initials 'C. S. A.' They were already regarding themselves as foreigners. One student wrote: 'Alas! We are no longer countrymen. My country is in arms against yours. But there will always be peace among classmates.' Another wrote: 'I am just about to cross the lines, and it is probable we shall never meet again; but we will always cherish the friendly feeling which existed through our college days.' The mingling of political acrimony with fraternal attachment, and the domination of the latter sentiment while the war spirit was actually disrupting the college body was as pathetic as it was remarkable. The hundred or more undergraduates who left Princeton for their Southern homes were escorted to the station by the body of Northern students, and they parted in friendship, although some of them afterward met on the battlefield. When college opened in the autumn feeling of course ran high against Southern sympathizers. Two who were outspoken were put under the old pump and thoroughly drenched by several students. College discipline had to be exercised, and the offenders were suspended. * * * They were taken to the station in a barouche embellished with national colors, drawn by the students, and accompanied by a long procession preceded by a military band."—Of course every Princetonian knows the story of the vane on Nassau Hall that got jammed in a prophetic poise, pointing North, and so remained throughout the war. A year book of the class of '63 affords an interesting view of the way in which our students who wore the Blue and those who donned the Gray got back, after the cessation of hostilities, to the old footing of Princeton men all.

XIII.

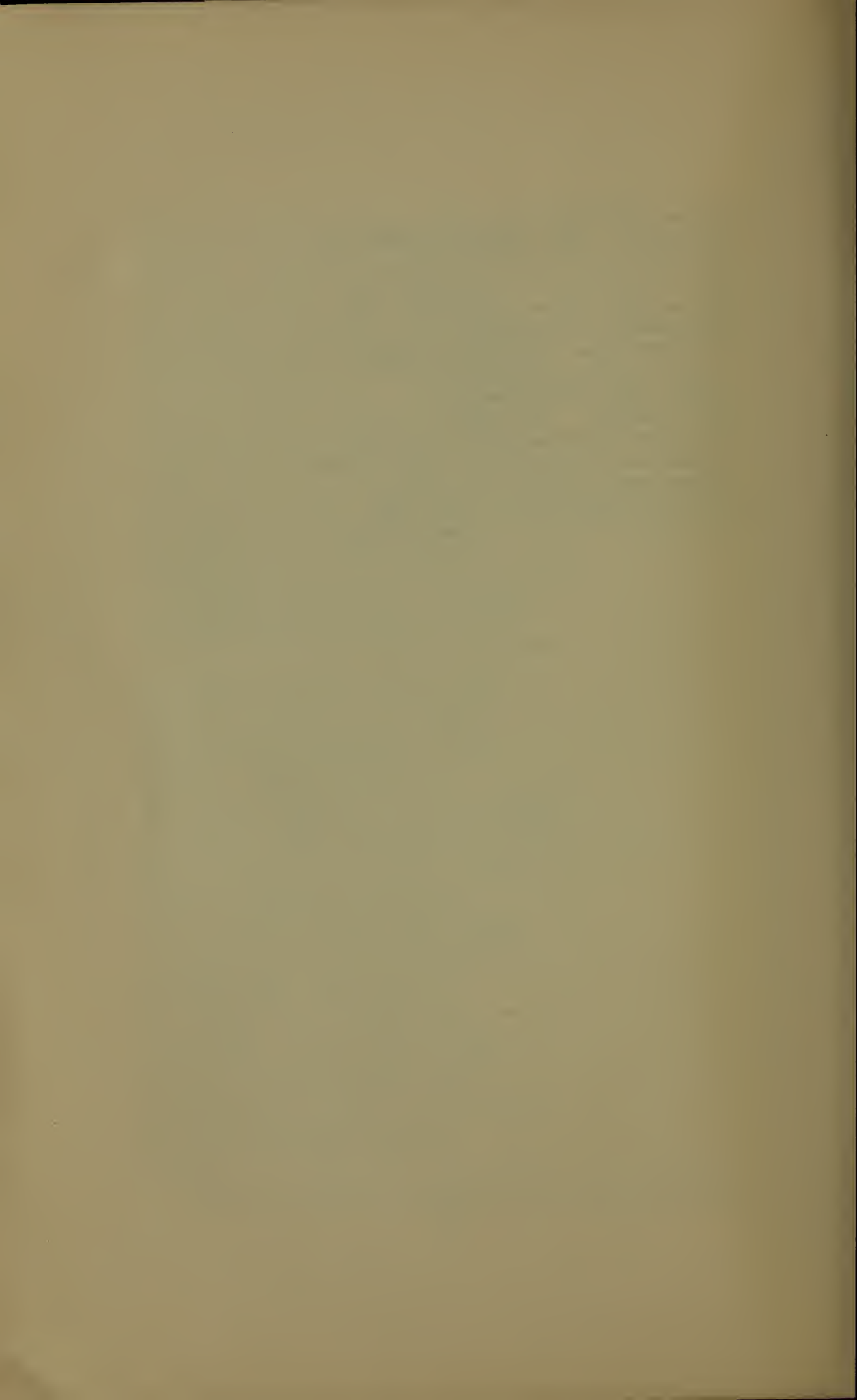
In 'Sixty-eight the good old Doctor, feeling
The burden of advancing years (rough dealing,
Inexorable Time, or curse or blessing
According as we make it so) addressing
The honorable Board, expressed desire,
With their august approval, to retire:
"I've had this PRINCETON run," he wrote, "for more
Than half a century—just fifty-four
Long years, to be exact, of faithful service
(From idle boasting may the saints preserve us!)
As passenger and brakeman, engineer,
And latterly conductor, fourteen year;
There's not a task for any of the crew

That I have not been called upon to do,
 And done it with a right good will, To you,
 However, I need hardly point the fact
 That to the changing times we must react;
 The road should certainly be double tracked
 And ballasted; the schedule should be jacked
 Up somewhat, and the rolling stock renewed—
 The personnel needs weeding out. Why, you'd
 Be quite surprised to hear of all the schemes
 That come to me at midnight in my dreams
 To bring the old road right up to the minute—
 Awake, I lack the courage to begin it.
 'Youth will be served,' and 'each dog has his day';
 It's time for me to step aside, I pray
 You, therefore, to accept my resignation!
 I'll quietly drop off at the next station."
 They took him at his word, and hired as watchman
 A witherspoon (synecdoche for Scotchman)!
 And with McCOSH the Middle Age is o'er,
 And Modern PRINCETON knocking at the door.*

The tale is told—and it was *good* to tell!
 But Lord, how hard it is to say farewell!
 Before the melancholy word is spoken
 And spell of pilgrim fellowship is broken,
 Let's give a rousing locomotive for
 McCosh! And one for Patton! Now, one more
 For Woodrow Wilson—come, get in it! Fellows,
 All together—though it should bust your bellows,
 Put all you've got in this one: John the first
 Since Witherspoon—JACK HIBBEN! (Willy Hearst
 With all his saffron army at his back
 Could never find a "yellow streak" in Jack!)
 We're with you, Prexy, hence forever forth,
 Unshakable, unchanging as OLD NORTH—
 Immortal edifice, beloved pile!
 Time cannot waste nor elements defile
 Thy substance, consecrated by our sires
 And wrought to perfect temper in the fires
 Of hope and faith and patriotic zeal—
 No stone within thy walls but bears the seal
 Of NASSAU's pure fraternity, not one
 But witnesseth of labor nobly done

*The Rev. Dr. William Henry Green was first elected, but declined.

By some self-sacrificing, loyal son
Of PRINCETON! They were hardy pioneers,
Brave builders for the undelivered years,
Who left their record in these rugged walls.
Hark, how their fearless, yearning spirit calls
From generation unto generation
Of PRINCETON men, with endless exhortation
(A work of blessed supererogation!)
A living, welling fount of inspiration!
Belov'd acropolis! That typifies
The strength and lasting quality of ties
That bind each PRINCETON heart to her, the Mother,
And each to each, as brother unto brother—
At once the symbol and the source of all
That makes the Fellowship of NASSAU HALL!



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